

The Enterprise.

VOL. 5.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1899.

NO. 3.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:17 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
8:12 A. M. Daily.
12:49 P. M. Daily.
5:57 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
8:02 P. M. Sundays only.

SOUTH.
7:33 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
8:02 A. M. Sundays only.
11:13 A. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
12:19 A. M. Sundays only.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

First car from Ferry for Baden Station leaves..... 7:35 A. M.
First car from 30th Street for Baden Station leaves..... 8:12 A. M.
First car from Holy Cross for Baden Station leaves..... 8:50 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for Baden Station..... 4:35 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Baden Station..... 5:12 P. M.
Last car leaves Holy Cross for Baden Station..... 5:50 P. M.
First car leaves Baden Station for City..... 9:00 A. M.
Last car leaves Baden Station for City..... 6:00 P. M.
Cars run between Holy Cross and Baden Station every 20 minutes from 5:50 A. M. to 5:50 P. M.

COUNTRY AND MAIN LINES.

Last car leaves Holy Cross for Ferry..... 11:25 P. M.
Last car leaves Ocean View for Ferry..... 11:43 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Ferry..... 12:00 M.
Last car from Holy Cross leaves the Ferry at..... 11:23 P. M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves 30th Street at..... 12:05 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for 30th Street and Sunnyside only at..... 12:32 A. M.

NOTE

9:52 P. M. from 30th St. goes to Ocean View only
10:32 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only.
11:32 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only.

PARK LINE

Last car from 18th and Guerrero to Golden Gate Park..... 11:27 P. M.
Last car from Golden Gate Park to 18th and Guerrero..... 11:50 P. M.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North..... 7:45 4:35
" South..... 11:30 7:00

MAIL CLOSURES.

North..... 8:50 12:30
South..... 7:00 7:00
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck..... Redwood City
TREASURER
F. P. Chamberlain..... Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger..... Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock..... Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward..... Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson..... Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield..... Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker..... Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton..... Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe..... Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert..... Redwood City

The Drier the Butter the Better.

In nearly all cases, the drier butter is made the better it will keep. It is the water and buttermilk allowed to remain in the butter that causes the trouble. Buttermilk can be washed or worked out; washing out has the advantage that there is no danger of the butter grain being ruined as is often done when the buttermilk is washed out and the salt worked in.

A very small per cent of water will dissolve the salt needed, in fact in the making of the best quality of butter in the easiest and most economical manner brine salting is preferable, and if done before the butter is gathered into a mass tends to draw out the buttermilk and water so that if time is given to drain well before gathering in a mass the butter will not only be drier, but will keep better, and that, too, with only sufficient working to gather the whole into a mass so as to shape for market.

Sheep will keep healthier and thrive better if they can have access to water two or three times daily during the summer.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME.

Things That Have Happened all Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

Nothing but a reversal of the order closing the Philippine ports will prevent a famine in hemp.

A large electric power plant is to be built at Flint Creek Falls, Montana, by the Montana Electric Power & Mining Co.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has strung 2000 miles of copper wire during the past year, weighing 166 pounds to the mile.

Twenty miles of aluminum wire will be employed on the electric road now being built from Kansas City, Mo., to Leavenworth, Kan.

Nearly \$1,000,000 have been invested in gilsonite claims on the Colorado-Utah State line by Boston men, and considerable will be spent in development.

Mail advices announce the safe arrival of the American explorer, Donald Smith, at Hargeisa, Somaliland. Mr. Smith intends to push on to Lake Rudolf and thence explore the unknown country westward.

It is announced that the property of the Atlas Tack Company, a corporation organized under the laws of Maine and which has been in the hands of receivers for some time, is to be sold under the hammer in Boston on December 9th. The corporation has property in San Francisco, Chicago, Baltimore, and other places.

The South African war has checked shipments; nearly all exports of American manufactures have been stopped until the safety of the material is assured, buyers having to stop all shipments, as the safe delivery of British goods in the Transvaal or Cape Colony will be impossible till after the cessation of hostilities.

Aluminum is to have its first important trial as a conductor of electricity on the Chicago Northwestern elevated road. Twenty miles of 1 1/2-inch cables (150,000 pounds) are to be strung along the steel trestle to distribute the motive power to the trolley rails of the new road. Copper has almost doubled in price within a year; the lighter metal has dropped a shade in the scale of values.

A general reduction of the force of the department of construction and repair at the League Island Navy Yard has been made. Of the 380 employees 102 have been discharged and it is believed that more will follow. Naval Constructor Linnard says the reason for the cutting down is a lack of funds to keep all the men employed, although there is plenty of work for the full force.

A special to the Denver News from Santa Fe, N. M., says: Governor Otero has refused to honor the requisition of Governor Murphy of Arizona for the delivery of Tom Ketchum, the notorious outlaw, known as "Black Jack," to Sheriff Munds of Yavapai county. A. T. Ketchum will therefore be tried in New Mexico on the charge of train robbery, for which death is the punishment, and three minor indictments.

General Greely, Chief Signal Officer, U. S. A., says as to a Pacific cable: "In order to join closer together the United States and its Pacific colonies it is essential to span the Pacific by a submarine cable, as recommended by the President to Congress in his message of February 10th, '99. The great value of such a cable is not alone for military purposes, but more especially for the fostering of industrial interests in the new colonies and in order to facilitate commercial operations."

Instancing the present scarcity of workmen in the Canadian West, the American Manufacturer notes where agents of some American contractors have been actually "stealing men."

They offer higher wages and thus induce the men to go across the border. The contractors for the Ontario Rainy River Railway report that they needed 2000 men, but have only succeeded in securing 500. Wages being paid match those given in the early days of American railway construction west of the Mississippi; \$2 to \$3 is freely offered.

To Drive Out Indians.

Denver, Col.—Game Warden Lee is organizing a posse here to expel from Colorado several hundred Indians who are encamped at the headwaters of Yellow creek, between Poudre and Douglas creeks, and are engaged in killing deer. The settlers are alarmed lest the Indians shall seek to avenge upon them the killing of several Indians by Game Warden Wilcox and a posse two years ago. Governor Thomas has called in the Sheriffs of five counties in Northwestern Colorado to aid the Game Warden in enforcing the laws. There are probably 100 of the old Colorado Utes engaged in the party and an equal number of Uncompagres and Uintahs. These are supposed to belong to the White Rock Agency.

IN NEED OF A LARGER ARMY.

Military Critics Write on the Defenses of England.

London.—The lull in African news gives the opportunity for a discussion of Great Britain's policy and military position. It is beginning to be asked whether, looking at the present experience, the British army is equal to the national needs. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Wolfe-Barry of the Engineer and Railroad Volunteer Corps staff, says: "In military matters, Great Britain is trading with insufficient capital. She ought to add 100,000 men to her army."

George Baird Shaw, the author, in an ironic mood, asks how "Tommy Atkins" can be expected to shoot as well as the Boers, "when the nation begrudges the money to enable him to practice."

The public is beginning, with some anxiety, to wonder what would happen should any great power take the opportunity to attack Great Britain. The frankness of the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Salisbury and Lord Wolseley regarding the unpreparedness to meet the Boers promises some lively times for the Government when Parliament reassembles. Altogether, nothing could be more welcome under the present circumstances to the British public than the evidences that the United States, Great Britain and Germany are working amicably together in the interests of peace.

In connection with the Anglo-American understanding regarding the open door in China, Japan's attitude in far Eastern Asia is much canvassed. Several correspondents in China talk of coming conflict between Japan and Russia over Korea. A letter from Seoul, which appears in the Times, says: "The Japanese are convinced that to permit Russia to acquire Korea or establish Russian ascendancy in Northern China would be strategically, politically and commercially a deadly menace to Japan's rapidly developing strength. Japan believes her navy is strong enough to attack Russia, and the general opinion is that the interests of the two nations are so conflicting that it is impossible to avoid a rupture in the near future."

The Spectator discusses the matter and thinks such a conflict extremely probable, but does not see any cause for Great Britain to interfere, adding: "Let the bear and shark fight their quarrel for themselves, while we, with America, insist upon the open-door policy."

THE CHARLESTON WRECKED.

The War Ship Strikes a Reef on the North Coast of Luzon.

Manila.—The United States cruiser Charleston, which has been patrolling the northern coast of Luzon, was wrecked on a reef off the northwest coast Tuesday, November 7th. All on board were saved.

The Charleston ran aground near Vigan on a hidden reef with thirty-five fathoms of water on both sides. She worked her machinery for two days and nights in trying to get afloat, but, a typhoon arising, the crew were compelled to take to their boats and seek refuge on a small island five miles away.

The natives are friendly. Lieutenant McDonald and a number of sailors put off in a small boat and reached the Callao, which brought them to Manila. The gunboat Helena has been dispatched to bring away the crew.

Lieutenant McDonald describes the Charleston when he last saw her as hard and fast aground, with her bottom badly stove and well out of water. The cruiser Charleston, which was built at the Union Iron Works in San Francisco in 1888, had a displacement of 3730 tons, was 312 feet 7 inches in length, 46 feet 2 inches in beam and 21 feet 8 inches in draught. She was of steel, having two propellers, one funnel and two masts with military tops.

She had the following armament: Two 8-inch guns, six 6-inch guns, four 6-pounders, two 3-pounders, six 1-pounders, two machine guns and one light gun, with four torpedo tubes. She had a complement of 306 men; her captain was G. W. Pigman.

WAR THREATENS SALVADOR.

Actions of Present Chief Likely to Create Another Revolution.

Salvador.—This revolution-ridden republic of Central America is soon to suffer another revolution. Preparations for it are now in progress in the neighboring country, Honduras. Ex-Vice-President Prudencia Alfaro, who is now in Honduras, will lead this revolt against President Regalado. This news was brought here by Ismael Fuentes, the secretary to Alfaro. The causes for the revolution, Fuentes said, are the absolute incompetence of Regalado to hold the office he has won through the revolution and his tyrannical rule, which the people liken to that of the late President Heureaux of Santo Domingo. Regalado has been President of Salvador only nine months and in that time his enemies say he has brought about the worst financial condition the country has experienced in many years. Regalado is aware of the plot against him and nearly 300 men suspected of complicity are in jail at Santa Rosa. On account of the unbearable conduct of the President, says Fuentes, more than 5000 people have crossed the border and gone to Honduras.

THE POSTAL SERVICE.

Plan to Increase Use of Pneumatic Tubes.

AUTOMOBILES TO CARRY MAIL

May Result in Displacing Present Wagon System—Facts About the Work of the Year.

Washington.—The annual report of Second Assistant Postmaster-General Shallenberger, just made public, urges the handling of mails by pneumatic tubes in congested centers of population. A recommendation is made for \$500,000 for construction, together with \$235,000 for the present tube system for the next fiscal year.

The department has invited proposals for carrying mail by automobiles in Chicago. If results favorable to the automobile are gained from this test, it is probable, says the report, that automobiles eventually will supersede screen wagons in many large cities and also take the place of electric mail cars for carrying mails where automobiles are permitted to run as fast as the cars. General Shallenberger's estimates for the next fiscal year aggregate \$79,111,500, of which \$38,870,000 is for railroad transportation. No estimate is made for special fast mail facilities. The usual recommendations are renewed for compelling publishers to separate second-class mail matter.

The report of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Joel Bristow shows that 2935 postoffices were established and 1505 discontinued during the year. At the close of the year the total number of postoffices in the country was an even 75,000. Extension of rural free delivery necessitated discontinuing eighty postoffices, applications to restore a number of which are now pending. The registered mail lost averaged one piece in every 25,980 handled.

The report says the practicability of transporting the mails over the proposed all-American route to the Yukon, Alaska, is a problem yet to be determined, and a recent inspection found so few settlers in this interior country that only one postoffice was established.

CIVIL WAR VETERANS.

McKinley May Promote and Retire Colonels of Two Conflicts.

Washington.—It is understood that the President will avail himself of the opportunity offered by the existing vacancies in the regular army, caused by the death of General Henry and the retirement of General Shafter, to promote and retire, with the rank of Brigadier-General in the regular army, a few of the remaining Colonels of the regular establishment who rendered conspicuous service in the Civil War.

This would be a revival of the rule which led to the retirement in this manner of five of these Colonels, when General Shafter's retirement occurred. Since that time efforts have been made by friends of the officers who were not advanced at that time to secure some recognition of them and it is believed the President is favorably inclined to the plan. At least, he has caused to be supplied to the War Department full records of the military services of the officers deemed eligible for promotion and retirement.

Two of the names that are under consideration are those of Onio Colonels, namely Andrew S. Burt, Twenty-fifth Infantry, and Colonel Gilbert S. Carpenter of the Eighteenth Infantry, both of whom stand well upon the list and have records of the highest excellence.

ARCHITECT BENARD SAILS.

Coming to Start the New Buildings at Berkeley.

New York.—A cable to the World from Paris says: Emile Benard, the architect who won the \$10,000 prize offered by Mrs. Phebe Hearst for the best plans for the new buildings for the University of California, has sailed on the French steamer Bretagne for New York. Benard is going to superintend the beginning of the colossal undertaking. He told the World correspondent he would require the assistance of at least half a dozen American architects. The work will progress as rapidly as the money will come. The total sum necessary for the buildings and gardens he has planned Benard estimates at \$8,000,000. He does not expect the undertaking to be completed before twenty years.

Aberdeen on Canada's Future.

London.—Lord Aberdeen, speaking at Scarborough, referred to Canada as the "brightest jewel in the British crown, destined to take a still higher part in the imperial Government," and prophesied an increase in the brotherhood not only between Canada and Great Britain, but between Canada and the United States.

Caring for General Symons' Widow.

London.—It is announced that the Queen will offer Lady Symons, widow of General Symons, the first vacant suite of rooms in Hampton Court, where, under similar circumstances, now live Lady Napier and other widows of British heroes.

LIBERIA'S DEBT TO BE PAID.

A Big English Rubber Syndicate Will Furnish the Money.

London.—After twenty-five years of bankruptcy, America's first colony, Liberia, is now rehabilitated, the interest on her public debt being paid. In 1871 Liberia floated a loan of \$500,000, chiefly in England, but three years later the little republic failed to meet the interest, and this condition of affairs has prevailed ever since, until now Liberia's fiscal agents in London have announced that the Government is once more able to meet its obligations. This step was rendered feasible by a new source of revenue derived from rubber, and the interest which the bondholders despaired of getting is now being paid from the royalties turned into the Government of the republic by the Librarian rubber syndicate, an essentially English concern.

The arrears of interest are practically swept away, as the bondholders agree to accept the comparatively small sum of \$75,000 in settlement of the full amount of the arrears, though this appropriation will not be applied until the extinction of the debt. In the meanwhile the current interest has been reduced from 7 to 3 per cent, rising 1/2 per cent every three years until it reaches 5 per cent, which rate will be maintained until the extinction of the loan.

The development of the rubber industry in Liberia has attracted considerable attention, which has not confined itself to the commercial aspect, for there is likely to be in the near future diplomatic activity in relation to the status of Liberia. The encroachments of the French upon its territory have caused no little disquietude at the Foreign Office, while it is the general belief that the United States would gladly secure a coaling station on the Liberian coast.

In these and other respects the renewed prosperity has brought the territory to the notice of the European powers, and, though the press here has failed to observe this particular sign of the times, it can be said authoritatively that the future status of Liberia was recently much deliberated upon by several Cabinets. Having thus become the object of unsolicited attention, it is quite probable that the American negroes who still retain the reins of Government in this slice of the west coast of Africa may soon be threatened with the possibility of exercising their privileges under the tutelage of one of the great powers, though in such an arrangement the United States, by virtue of the original settlement would doubtless have some share.

Russians Not Advancing.

London.—The Times publishes a communication from its St. Petersburg correspondent, who discusses the recent rumors of a Russian advance toward Herat. The correspondent thinks that although these rumors are without foundation, there can be no doubt that the Russian military authorities are preparing for an advance to Herat in certain eventualities, such as the death or abdication of the Amir of Afghanistan, which would lead to disturbances.

To Sing With Castle Square Company.

Maud Berry Fisher of San Francisco, who is known professionally as Maud Berri, has been signed by the Castle-square opera company to sing the leading soprano role with the permanent New York organization maintained by that combination. She will make her first appearance with the company at the American Theater in "Der Freischutz," in which she will sing the part of Annie.

May Return to the Stage.

Paris.—Massenet told the World correspondent that he had great hopes of prevailing upon Sibel Sanderson to return to the stage. It will be remembered that it was Massenet who supported the San Francisco girl's first appearance in Paris when she sang in his opera, "Manon," and won her first great triumph. Today the great composer says her voice is better than ever.

Cubans Want Wood for Governor.

Santiago de Cuba.—Great enthusiasm has been aroused among the Cubans in the province by the announcement that General Wood is to be appointed to the Governorship of the island when a civil government is established and prophecies are made that under him injustices which have so long been practiced in the provinces will be corrected.

England Has a War Scandal.

London.—It is rumored that charges of serious fraud against the Admiralty in connection with the purchase of transports and the commissary corps for accepting improper food are impending. It is charged that gross fraud was committed in the purchase of steamships and food. Lord Wolseley is said to be investigating both matters.

Cramps in No Combine.

Philadelphia.—The William Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine Building Company has not entered into the proposed combination of shipbuilding interests. An official of the company said that while there had been some talk of a union of certain firms, the Cramps yard was not concerned in the deal and no option had been given.

Hogs Want Water.

Hogs frequently suffer from lack of water, because farmers do not remember that whatever comes in liquid form is not a substitute for the clear and fresh water which all animals need. Put a little rennet in skim milk or heat it, and it soon turns into a curd which no one could think of taking as a drink. Yet both the rennet and enough of warmth to make it effective, are present in the stomach of a pig or hog. The rennet from pigs is by some preferred to that from calves. Always the first process in digestion of milk is to turn it into curd. Milk is regarded as constipating, especially after it has been heated, which brings it more nearly to curd condition, and thus absorbs the water in the stomach. A man needs a drink of water after he has eaten a bowl of bread and milk.

Most of the water that pigs get is as bad for drinking as skim milk. It is largely the water used for the washing of dishes or the freshening of salted pork. In this way the hogs get more salt into their stomachs than they require, and this also makes the hogs fevers and injures the quality of the pork. This sometimes makes the western pork, which is fattened in large droves and get little salt, better than the pork made by farmers who keep but two or three pigs and feed them from the swill barrel filled with a mixture of skim milk and salt water. If fed as it should be, with only enough corn at the close of the fattening and without an excess of salt, the eastern pork is much the best. The water in which salt pork and beef are freshened is highly nutritious, as a good deal of its strength goes out with the salt when it is freshened for cooking. But the great majority of hogs would be healthier if they had enough fresh water, fruits and vegetables to offset the excess of salt that most of their drink contains.—Boston Cultivator.

Unless it is to be plowed up for corn keep sheep off the timothy meadow. They bite so closely as to destroy its bulb and it will not sprout again.

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story of
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Noble
whiskey.

age-
purity

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THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

The price of diamonds is rising rapidly. We must all practice self-denial.

Mrs. Langtry's reminiscences have been suppressed, and gladness reigns again in certain high circles.

Wireless telegraphy is an established fact, but wireless yacht racing has not as yet been made practicable.

All the same, many are in doubt whether Britain's action in the troubles leading up to this war has been caused by real gold or guilt.

The language of gloves is now being promulgated. Young men have long understood with fear and trembling the language of the mitten.

A cigar trust with a capital of \$15,000,000 has been formed. This is probably the only recent trust whose product is expected to go up in smoke.

A man in the East has deserted his wife because she made unpalatable custard pie. Yet there are worse abuses of the pie habit—she might, for example, have made them of dried apples.

After the wars in the Philippines and South Africa and all other disturbing issues are settled it will probably be found that Don Carlos has kept pretending right along without missing a day.

The causes for whatever decline in interest in base-ball may have come about in recent years are to be found in the attitude of the men at the head of base-ball—their petty jealousies and their failure to run the game in the interests of its patrons; in syndicateism, a system diametrically opposed to true sportsmanship; in the transferring of games and buffeting about the players of certain clubs, setting the regularly provided schedule at defiance; in the rowdiness which goes unreduced and in the miserable method of appointing and assigning umpires.

The resemblance between Admiral Dewey and General Grant is strikingly close. The merit record of the one in the naval academy is almost identical with that of the other in the military academy. They were at about the same place above the bottom of the class, they were deficient in the same studies, and their conduct marks were much alike. The one reached the highest position in the army and the other in the navy. In modesty and dignity of personal bearing they are singularly alike. They resemble each other also in their disposition to award full credit to their subordinates in every achievement. Their manner of speech is identical. It is direct, terse, right to the point, and in plain, vigorous English, such as the plain people can understand. In another respect they are also alike—namely, in securing the cordial admiration of all foreign powers with whose representatives they came in contact. Both of them, in the words of Dewey, "scratched gravel," and had their reward.

There has been some controversy of late relative to the authorship of "America," or, more properly speaking, of "God Save the King." It is settled beyond all question by the highest musical authorities, such as Chappell, Chrystander von Fallersleben, and Grove, that both words and melody were written by Henry Carey, and that he sang it himself for the first time at a dinner given in London in 1740 to celebrate the capture of Portobello by Admiral Vernon. J. Christopher Smith, Handel's amanuensis, who was present at the dinner, testifies to Carey's authorship. The Rev. Samuel F. Smith, who composed the words of "America," and borrowed the melody from a book of German songs, is responsible for the general impression that the melody came from German sources. It is purely English, and was not only borrowed from the English by Beethoven, but was utilized by Schumann for the German national anthem, "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz," and by Heinrich Harries for use in the Danish hymn, "Heil Dir, dem Liebeden." It is an American national hymn only in text.

If human existence is relieved of its struggle, the New York Sun is afraid that the human race will multiply too rapidly for the food producing abilities of the earth and that in consequence famines and scourges will come. That is Malthusian to the core. There is no present prospect, however, of human existence becoming a picnic. A paucity of children is becoming the rule in many families of the middle class, as well as of the families in the so-called upper classes. If it were not for the influx of the foreigners to this country the population would not increase very rapidly. The "native" populations are not multiplying as rapidly as they used to do. The child-bearing is largely performed by women who are foreigners by birth or of immediate foreign descent. The States where foreigners have not settled in large numbers during the past generation show a comparatively low rate of increase in population. The chances are against population multiplying in excess of the food producing capabilities of the soil. It should also be borne in mind that the limit of the food producing capabilities of the soil has by no means been reached. It will be reached only when no man undertakes to cultivate more than ten acres of ground and makes that produce as much as is now har-

vested from an eighty-acre farm. Whether that can be done or not is a question, but the productiveness of the soil can be greatly increased and the population sustaining power of the soil can be multiplied many times over.

In a monograph entitled "Commercial Africa in 1899," recently issued by the treasury bureau of statistics, an interesting and exhaustive account of railroads in the dark continent is given. One of the statements that will probably be a surprise to many is that about two-fifths of the great "Cape to Cairo" railroad is already constructed, and the prediction is made that early in the next century the north and south lines will meet near the equator. To be exact, this date is placed in the year 1919, or about twenty years hence. From this north and south line, also, lateral lines are being pushed east and west—one of these from Natal, another from Lourenço Marquez, another from Beira to Salisbury in Rhodesia, and still another from Zanzibar to Lake Victoria Nyanza, probably to connect at Tabora with the great "Cape to Cairo" road. The interior will also be penetrated by roads now being planned, thus giving access to all portions of the continent. Transcontinental lines from east to west will join Portuguese territory on both sides of the continent and the Germans will probably also have similar means of communication between their settlements. At the north other lines will skirt the Mediterranean coast and thus Africa will be banded to civilization by iron rails and the telegraph, and the conquest will be complete.

Thomas Skelton Harrison, the American diplomatic agent and consul general in Egypt, has an article in the Forum about "Egypt Under Lord Cromer." Mr. Harrison says that the native working classes in the larger cities are fairly well off, but that there is a class for which there is little or no employment. "Crowds of Egyptian youths, half educated, and more or less well bred, are striving for small government clerkships, posts in the banks, positions on the railways, and so on. They will do no manual labor, and they must have what the French call 'consideration.' They must have genteel employment. Egyptian and American youths are much alike in disposition if what Collins P. Huntington says of the latter is correct. He asserts that they are overeducated to such a degree that they acquire a distaste for all labor which is not 'suited for a gentleman,' and that as a consequence young men spurn manual labor and work where they may have to wear overalls and soil their hands, and compete for poorly paid but 'respectable positions.' So Mr. Huntington wants the number of years spent in the school room cut down, and no attempt to carry the education of the mass of young boys beyond the point required to enable them to cope with the practical details of business. But if overeducated American boys and half-educated Egyptian youths shun manual labor, because it is not genteel, and if girls who have next to no education will not work in other women's kitchens because a social stigma attaches to domestic service, then the possession or lack of education does not seem to have much to do with the matter. There appears to be all the world over a preference for 'genteel' employment. Perhaps that preference is stronger in Europe, where a young man would rather starve on the meager salary of a government employe and have a 'social status' than do what he considers an inferior grade of work and earn much better pay; but there are a great many American youths who seriously believe that they would demean themselves by manual labor. Overeducation is not so much to be blamed for this as inherited ideas about the greater respectability of certain kinds of work. What is needed is a crusade against the curious classification of work as genteel and not genteel, rather than against this alleged overeducation of which Mr. Huntington speaks. There was a time when it meant teaching a boy more than his parents knew—even if they could neither read nor write—and thus 'educating him beyond his station in life.'

The Penalty of Curiosity.
A somewhat distressing but undoubtedly righteous retribution recently overtook a clerk in the British post office at Birmingham. Among the packets received at the office one day was one containing a pair of handcuffs, which were being sent from Derby to a manufacturer in Birmingham to be fitted with a key. The paper covering of the parcel had been torn during transmission so that the handcuffs were exposed to view. They were an object of curiosity to the clerks, and presently one of the young men jocularly clasped one of the cuffs around his left wrist. It was then that he discovered that there was no key to unfasten it. The handcuff was on his wrist "to stay." The young man went to the police station, and an officer found a key that he thought would fit. But in turning it round, he broke it off in the cuff. Now the broken key would have to be drilled out, or the handcuff filed through before the clerk could get it off.

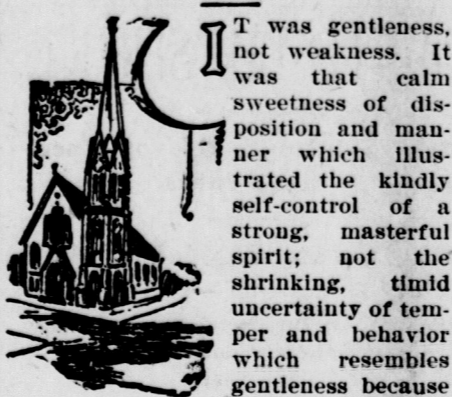
The day was Sunday, and all the shops, including the manufacturer's place, were closed. The clerk returned to the postoffice, and explained his plight to the superintendent. This official ordered him to take the first train to Derby the next morning, explain the whole circumstance to the owner of the handcuffs, apologize to him, and then return to Birmingham and go to the manufacturer's and have the handcuff filed off.

The man who sells his vote probably gets what he wants, but not what he ought to get.

CHAT OF THE CHURCH

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

News Notes from All Lands Regarding Their Religious Thought and Movement—What the Great Denominations Are Doing.



It was gentleness, not weakness. It was that calm sweetness of disposition and manner which illustrated the kindly self-control of a strong, masterful spirit; not the shrinking, timid uncertainty of temper and behavior which resembles gentleness because it lacks something of the power of self-assertion. It was entirely consistent with sturdiness of conviction, positiveness of speech, and boldness of action. It was exhibited not only toward our Lord's friends, but also toward his opponents. It was especially noticeable in his treatment of all who came to him in fear or doubt or sorrow.

Let those who sometimes suppose gentleness to be a tame, insipid virtue, make careful study of it as seen in the character of Jesus. They will learn to admire it. They will be impelled to cultivate it. They will perceive it to be a fruitful source of true and mighty power. When we understand that one is gentle, as Jesus was, because he can afford to be; because, apart from the moral aspect of the matter, he realized that he is strong enough in the highest sense to dispense with bluster, we feel that he has attained to a lofty and honorable level of character and life.

Then, when the time comes for righteous indignation of soul—as come it does now and then—and for vigorous, incisive speech in support of the right or condemnation of the wrong, then the very contrast between one's customary gentleness and his temporary sternness adds immensely to the effect of the latter. If such a gentle spirit can be wrought up to such a pitch, we say, how grave the cause must be! We never have known men or women more intense in their opinions, or more unfaltering and potential in their conduct and influence, than some of those who most closely have resembled Christ in gentleness of disposition and manner.

Gentleness is a characteristic excellence of the truly great. It also is one of the greatest of excellencies. Perhaps no other is so commonly associated with Jesus in our thought. Nor is the endeavor to attain to any other more difficult or profitable. Happy is the home, the office, the factory, the school where gentleness like that of Jesus reigns.—Young Man.

A Tree and a Heart.
Summer and autumn and winter and spring,
Growing and waiting and blossoming;
Never knowing an anxious fear,
Taller and stronger year by year,
Branches with wrestling swayed each way,
Chill and low in the autumn day;
Nursing its song-broods, setting them free,
Young at the end of a century.

Spring and summer and fading leaf,
Bud and bloom and harvest sheaf;
Heart be strong like a forest tree,
And know that thine is eternity.
Winter will come with its frosty rime,
And so will the beauteous blossom time;
Change is renewed. Heart be bold,
Why should a child of God grow old?
—Mary F. Butts.

Love Shows in Refusals.
No father who loves his child will give it everything he asks for. Not even if the child begs and weeps for the desire of its heart will a true father give it what he knows to be for its injury. Refusing a child's wrong request is one of the evidences of a father's love. God loves his children more than any earthly father loves his. Because this is so, God will not answer every earnest prayer of his longing child. Until a child of God knows better than God does what is for his true welfare, he ought to be glad that his most importunate prayers are not always answered. Let us thank God that He will not answer our prayers unless he sees that they are for our good.

Speaking the Hasty Word.
To rule one's spirit as concerns the speaking of hasty words pays. We know no culture that pays as well in a harvest capable not only of being enjoyed at the time of reaping, but, as well, in retrospect, as often as memory brings it again to the front. It is not while young that we realize this, but when the sun of life has crept toward further horizon, and the shadows lengthen, and our feet, slipping forward, tell us we are on the downhill side, then is it that our appreciation of all these things expands and widens, until, gazing, we are led to wonder at the slight estimate we once placed upon them. It is when such things as these are thought of early, and so taken into the heart when the wood and fibre are young as to grow well-nigh a part of it, that lives become sublimely beautiful, to such a degree as to awaken our admiration and respect. A life gone back and "marked over"—as some of us used to our names in early childhood when the shaded lines were not made to stand out clear enough to suit us—always, to the careful eye, looks rough and patched. The true way is to put the strong marks as we go along; then shall they be a part of the whole and add true beauty to the character we spread out day by

day for the ones back of us to contemplate.

Work in Many Lands.
In sixty-two towns and villages of Formosa there are one or more Christian churches.

Bishop Hanlan reports the conversion of 7,000 natives of Uganda in the last four years.

Eight Chinese persons were recently received into Berkeley Temple, Boston; seven of these were on profession of faith.

The Methodist and Presbyterian missions of Japan have formed a plan of co-operation in Sunday school publications.

Fifty Cuban girls were recently received into a Catholic convent at Altoona, Pa., where they will receive an English education.

The English Presbyterian Church has ten hospitals connected with its missions in China and India, where 30,000 patients are treated annually.

The professor of anthropology in the new University of Brussels, Dr. Daniel Folkman, is an American and a zealous member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Y. M. C. A. associations of the Imperial University and first government college in Japan occupy a building of their own which cost \$2,500, and is one of the finest sites in the city.

Rev. William K. Pendleton, a distinguished divine and educator of the Disciples' Church, recently died at his home in West Virginia. Mr. Pendleton's wife was a daughter of Alexander Campbell, the founder of that sect.

Wonderful Figure.

One of the most marvelous workmen in the world is Hananuma Masakichi, of Tokio, Japan, who has carved a figure in wood so like himself that when the two are placed side by side, it is said to be almost impossible to tell which lives and breathes and which does not.

By several connoisseurs in art this wooden figure has been pronounced the most perfect and human image of man ever made. Masakichi has faithfully reproduced every scar, vein and wrinkle to be seen on his own body. The figure is composed of 2,000 pieces of wood, dovetailed and jointed with such wonderful skill that no seams can be detected.

Tiny holes were drilled for the reception of hairs, and the wooden figure has glass eyes and eyelashes in which no dissimilarity to Masakichi's own can be detected.

The Japanese artist posed between two mirrors while modeling this figure, and for some time after its completion he posed frequently beside it, to the confusion of spectators, who were often entirely at a loss as to which was the artist. The figure stands with a little mask in one hand, and an instrument for carving in the other; the life-like eyes are apparently gazing at the mask, and the face wears a look of intense absorption.

Valuable Record.

When the furniture of Charles James Fox, the famous English orator and statesman, was sold by auction, there was among the books a copy of the first volume of Gibbon's Roman History.

It appeared by the title-page that the book had been presented by the author to Fox, but no considerations of sentiment deterred the recipient from writing on the fly-leaf this anecdote:

"The author at Brookes' said there was no salvation for this country until six heads of the principal persons in administration were laid on the table. Eleven days after, this same gentleman accepted a place of lord of trade, under those very ministers, and has acted with them ever since."

Such was the avidity of bidders anxious to secure the least scrap of the writing and composition of the famous owner of the copy that, owing to the addition of this little record, the book sold for three guineas, a large sum for the times.

Captain Sigbee's Speech.
In an address at Fall River Capt. Sigbee of the Texas told the following story illustrative of the fact that naval men made no pretense at being orators:

"It is a difficult situation for me," said Capt. Sigbee, "to be required to make a speech, and I am in the situation of the old sailor who was fond of tea, and was devoted to the people who served it. But this old sailor had no society manners, and had never attended an afternoon tea. He was afraid of the ladies, but in some way he was forced to an afternoon tea. He went almost in despair, and when he got back to his ship his mates said:

"'Brown, did you go to the tea?'
'I did.'
'How did you feel there?'
'I felt like a sperm whale doing croquet work.' (Laughter and applause.)

Nevertheless, Capt. Sigbee makes an able address.—Boston Globe.

A French African Explorer.

Edouard Foa, the famous French explorer, who succeeded in crossing Central Africa, was born in Marseilles in 1862. From 1886 to 1890 he traveled on the Ivory coast, in Dahomey, in the country of the Ashantis, on the Cote d'Or, on the Congo, in Gabon, and in Angola. In 1891 he penetrated into the interior from the Cape, passed to the Transvaal, thence went for a twenty-six months' march through the country of the Macalacas, the Matabeles, and the Gaca, to the Zambesi, and from that river reached Nyassa. Before this he had been one year in Central Africa. It was during this period that he conceived the idea of crossing the dark continent, an idea, however, which he was only to carry out in 1897.

The goodness of some people is exceedingly tiresome.

Topic Times

London policemen have been forbidden to wear tan shoes on the ground that they are "too stylish."

American printing presses have appeared in Edinburgh, and the only adverse criticism made is that they turn out papers faster than is necessary.

A traveler just returned from Georgia declares that while in the "moonshine" country down there he saw this perverted text posted in several places: "Jug not, that ye be not jugged."

Plans are maturing in New York not only for a school for the careful and full instruction of domestic servants, but also for the awarding to graduates of diplomas, which shall attest the efficiency of the holders.

Eighty-four per cent. of the entire State of Idaho is still public land, amounting to more than 44,000,000 acres. Of this area it has been estimated by the Government geological survey that 7,000,000 acres can be irrigated successfully.

The faculty of the University of Pekin consists of two presidents, eight foreign and eight Chinese professors, sixteen assistants, thirty-two secretaries and about 100 minor officers. Of 250 students of modern language 100 are learning English.

A New York M. D. takes occasion to assert in a newspaper communication that "if cats were trained so that a child's throat could be covered over night with an ordinary house cat, men in my profession would have less trouble with membranous croup and diphtheria."

The suggestion is made that the Malay tongue, which is spoken by 40,000,000 people and is the language spoken generally in the Philippines, should be taught in this country by some of the universities. It is said to be rich in expression and simple in construction.

Kansas pays the warden of her penitentiary \$2,500 per annum, out of which comes his living expenses, and her penitentiary contains 940 convicts. Illinois pays the warden of the Joliet penitentiary, with 1,300 prisoners in his keeping, \$3,500 and provides his living. Minnesota, with 520 convicts, gives the warden of the Stillwater prison a salary of \$5,000 and his living.

There is urgent need in the City of Mexico for more foundries and machine shops capable of doing first-class work in reasonably prompt time. The great amount of building and improvement going on and the number of establishments, large and small, now using machinery, frequently with inexperienced labor, makes a supply and repair business of great proportions.

Lansing, Mich., has the widest driveway bridge in the United States, if not in the world. The bridge crosses Grand River in Michigan avenue, two squares from the front entrance to the state house. It is of the truss pattern and is 115 feet wide in the clear—the full width of the avenue. On either side is a walk sixteen feet wide, leaving a roadway eighty-three feet in width.

Caviar, which is made from sturgeon eggs salted in brine, is the most costly product of the fisheries of this country; and while largely relished by epicures as a taste for it must usually be acquired. Until recently its manufacture was monopolized by the Russians, most of it being prepared on the Volga river and Caspian sea, and at the present time about 8,000,000 pounds of it are exported annually from the dominions of the Czar.

Art circles throughout the country are profoundly stirred over the abolishment by Warden Johnson of the art school in Sing Sing prison. Though handicapped by the necessity of wearing their hair short, the students of the school were doing some good work and they are enraged over its sudden prohibition. Mr. Johnson says the law requires that the prisoners be kept at hard labor, and he does not think walking about the prison grounds with camp stool and easel, looking for something to sketch and talking "jargon" with each other is work of a sufficiently laborious kind to meet the statute.

A chief of the Omaha Indians died recently in whose career was wound up a romantic and wonderful story. He traced his lineage on his father's side to the haughty Bourbons who once ruled over France. His grandfather was Francois, Marquis de Fontenelle, who, when Napoleon was rising into power, left France and settled in New Orleans. His father ran away from New Orleans, became a trapper, and eventually was adopted into the Omaha tribe of Indians and married the daughter of the great chief of the nation. Stranger still, this half-breed Indian was a good classical scholar. As a trader with other Indian tribes he amassed a fortune.

Mirage in Manitoba.

Arrived at Shanawan, my companion kindly offered to stay with me till the train came, but I sent him off and took my stand on the track, with nothing more substantial than a telegram pole to shelter me from the icy blast. When I was left alone—sky overcast, curious kind of mist in the air, the wind howling around me, and the loose snow that the wind raised from the prairie driving past me in sheets, I thought it about as desolate a picture as I have ever set eyes on. As luck would have it, the train was late, and I had fifty minutes in which to enjoy myself alone. I was never so abjectly cold as when that train eventually came. I was rewarded by seeing a curious atmospheric phenomenon that I used to read of as tantalizing weary travelers in

the Sahara, and that, I am told, is common here under certain conditions, viz., the mirage. At least fifteen minutes before the train arrived, I saw it suddenly leap into sight in a way that made me pick up my bag and hop off the track in double-quick time. Then I waved my handkerchief for it to stop, and suddenly I noticed that it had stopped about fifty yards off. I began to charge up the track so as to get on board, when it mysteriously and suddenly disappeared. A few minutes later I saw it again, only this time off the track, and running along the prairie. It gave me quite an eerie feeling, and I began to think the cold had got into my head, and I cast superstitious glances round me to see if there were any more trains frolicking about in the snow, and suddenly I bethought me of what I had heard about the mirage. When I saw distinctly that the train had stopped it must have been at Laramie, nearest station, about nine or ten miles up the line.—Winnipeg Letter in London News.

Cause and Effect.

The students of a certain big medical college of this city, says the Philadelphia Record, are enjoying a good joke at the expense of one of their professors. The case in question was that of a young man suffering from nervous trouble who was introduced to the clinic.

In some diseases of the nervous system there is an interference of the blood supply to the smaller blood-vessels of the skin, which show a congestion of the venous blood. A common symptom, for instance, is a blue color in the finger-tips. The subject before the clinic on this occasion seemed to the physician to afford an excellent illustration of this condition.

"Look at this young man's hands," he said. "Do you notice anything peculiar about them?"

The students went closer to investigate, but no one ventured an opinion that anything unusual was to be seen. "What?" went on the professor. "Can't you see the condition of the patient's blood indicated there in the blue color of his hands? That proves—"

But at this point the patient's mother, who was sitting near by, interrupted. "Why, doctor," said she, "that blue is dye. He works in a tannery."

The students laughed, and the professor laughed, too, but he suddenly changed the subject.

Payment in Advance.

A case of attempted bribery recorded by the Sioux City Journal must have happened a good many years ago. At least we will hope that no justice of the peace in these days would pass over so flagrant an offense in so light a manner.

A lawyer was called upon to defend a man accused of petty larceny. The evidence against the prisoner was overwhelming, and the unscrupulous lawyer determined upon extreme measures. As he entered the court-room he slipped a twenty-dollar gold-piece into the justice's hand, and gave him a knowing look. The justice said nothing, but pulled open a drawer and dropped the coin into it.

The case came on, and the proof of the man's guilt was brought out. The lawyer for the defendant made such a plea as he could, but based his expectation of an acquittal upon the effect of the bribe.

The justice summed up the evidence, and then said:

"The court finds the defendant guilty as charged, and fines him one hundred dollars, of which amount twenty dollars has been paid. The defendant will be committed to the county jail until the remainder is paid into this court."

An Efficient Army.

It has long been a matter of wonder that Switzerland should be able to maintain an efficient army for less than \$500,000. She could in a case of emergency put 100,000 troops in the field in two days, with 100,000 more in reserve, besides 270,000 militia. The Swiss have been peculiarly strong fighters since the dawn of European history, ruining all invaders from the Romans to the French by their never-say-die mode of warfare. Almost every man in the present Swiss army is a marksman, as shooting societies are substantially encouraged by the Government. The equipment is most simple, as each man keeps his rifle and accoutrements at home. There is little or no artillery, the nature of the country forbidding the use of that branch of the service. The men in the republic, no matter of what rank or calling, serve ten years, from 22 to 32, being called out for drill forty-five days in the first year and sixteen of the others. They are individually responsible for the condition of their munitions of war, and entirely officered by men of their own neighborhood. The system, if limited, is by far the most efficient in the world.

Under No Obligations.

"Shave yourself, sir, don't you?" said a barber who was trimming the hair of a customer. "Yes," replied the customer. "How did you know?"

"Well," rejoined the barber, "I know I have never shaved you, and I do sometimes trim your hair. Besides that, I think a barber would do a little better job than you seem to do."

"Very likely."

"We'd have pretty hard work making a living if every man was like you," pursued the barber, after clipping and snipping a few moments in silence.

"Perhaps."

"You're in business, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, s'pose no barbers ever bought anything of you, how would you like that?"

"I don't think it would make much difference," rejoined the customer. "My business is selling pipe-organs."

And the barber finished the job in silence.

Royal Baking Powder

Imparts
Healthfulness
to
the Food

Royal Baking Powder leavens the food perfectly by its own inherent power without changing or impairing any of the elements of the flour.

Thus the hot-breads, hot-rolls and muffins, and the delicious hot griddle-cakes raised by the Royal Baking Powder are wholesome and digestible, and may be eaten without distress, even by persons of delicate digestion.

Alum baking powders are low priced, as alum costs but two cents a pound; but alum is a corrosive poison and it renders the baking powder dangerous to use in food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Unappreciated.

The teacher of a district school in Maine tells a story that reminds me of Mary and her little lamb, only it is of Joe and his little dog.

Joe was a boy about 8 years old and was devoted to a small, black puppy. Out of school hours boy and dog were inseparable, and Joe apparently could not reconcile himself to the necessity of leaving the dog at home. For several mornings the teacher allowed the puppy to remain at Joe's feet under the desk.

Then there came a day when the small dog could not be kept quiet, but frisked about, to the delight of the school and the dismay of the teacher.

"Joe," she said firmly, "you must take that dog out."

Joe looked at her mournfully, but picked up the pup and, with its head against his cheek, started for the door. The boy's feelings were evidently hurt, but he said nothing until he reached the door; then, giving his teacher a reproachful look, with a pitying glance toward his dog, he said slowly, "And he's named for you!"—Youth's Companion.

A Hustler.

"Now, then, my friend," said the businesslike young preacher, pocketing the wedding fee and turning again to the bridegroom, "let me ask if you are carrying any life insurance?"

"No, sir," replied the newly made benedict. "Not yet."

"Well, the most sacred duty resting upon you now is to take out a liberal policy for the benefit of this young woman, who is dependent upon you hereafter. I represent one of the strongest and best companies in this country. Here are the figures showing," etc.

And he got the young husband's application. There is nothing like finishing a job thoroughly while you are about it.—Chicago Tribune.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

The moon is a sort of celestial beggar. By following the earth persistently it gets a few quarters and halves.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 62-00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE M.D., 260 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

DRUGS The Pleasantest, Most Powerful and Effective Never Failing Remedy for La Grippe, Catarrh, Rheumatism.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO. Will cure any ache or pain known in the human body. Send for trial bottle, 25c. This offer lasts 30 days only. Large bottle (30c) 50c. 5 DROPS each \$1.00 or 3 for \$2.50. 167 and 169 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, 1896.

A Good Strategist.

"John," said Mrs. Thursby, "you were saying yesterday that you were in financial trouble, I believe."

"Yes," Mr. Thursby replied, "and I'm terribly worried. I didn't sleep a wink last night."

"I think I heard you say something, too, about a note held by Mr. Hewitt, didn't I?"

"That's what is causing the trouble. If I could get him to extend the time on it for about 90 days, everything would come out all right. I could then realize on some securities I hold and get on my feet, but if he insists on payment now I shall have to sacrifice my valuable holdings, and this will practically ruin me."

"Have you asked him for an extension of the time?"

"No. That wouldn't do any good. He never favored anybody in his life. If he knew how I am fixed, he would be all the more anxious to press me for an immediate settlement."

"Well, don't you worry, dear. His wife, you know, is several years older than I. We met at a party this afternoon, and I spoke to a lot of women there of the days when she and I went to the same school. She turned pale when I mentioned the fact, fearing, of course, that I was going to tell how long ago it was, and that she was several grades above me because she was older, but I put down my pride and pretended that as I remembered her she was a little thing in pinafores just learning her primer lessons when I graduated. You go to Hewitt's house now, and when she is present ask him to extend the time on that note."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Cardinal and the Reporter.

Many instances are related of Cardinal Gibbons' broad mindedness as well as his tact and diplomacy in avoiding religious discussions with persons whose views are opposed to his own. Upon one occasion, so the story runs, in Baltimore a young journalist was sent by his chief to interview his eminence upon a topic of local interest. When the interview was over, the cardinal and his caller had a friendly chat upon a variety of subjects, including the church. The journalist was a Protestant, and in the argument that followed he became excited and expressed himself freely from his point of view. Upon returning to his office he reflected upon the outcome of his visit and came to the conclusion that he stood a fair chance of being discharged should the cardinal repeat the conversation to his editor.

The next day his eminence dropped into the newspaper office in question and asked to see the proprietor, who was his personal friend. The reporter was told of the call and quaked in his boots. The publisher and the cardinal discussed a matter of mutual interest to them, and before leaving his eminence said:

"By the way, you sent a young man to see me yesterday, and I was rather impressed with him. He appears to have the courage of his convictions. It would please me if you could do something better for him." Within a month the reporter who had anticipated dismissal received a gratifying promotion.—Raleigh Colston Smith in New York Times.

Measuring Time.

Just when the day became divided into hours is not known, nor is the process explained. The Greeks and Romans measured time by the water glass and the sun dials. The hourglass, filled with sand, was the outgrowth of these vessels, from which the water dripped through tiny openings.

Oriental Humor.

Some of the similes used by oriental advertisers are as remarkable for humor and naïveté as even those of the immortal Sam Weller. Here are one or two specimens which have recently appeared in eastern newspapers:

"Goods dispatched as expeditiously as a cannon ball."

"Parcels done up with as much care as that bestowed on her husband by a loving wife."

"Paper tough as elephant's hide."

"The print of our books is clear as crystal; the matter elegant as a singing girl."

"Customers treated as politely as by the ritual steamship companies."

"Silks and satins smooth as a lady's cheek and colored like the rainbow."—London Answers.

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE EMPORIUM
And
Golden Rule Bazaar.
CALIFORNIA'S LARGEST—AMERICA'S GRANDDEST STORE.

One of the grandest displays of Holiday Merchandise in America

The big store's Annual Doll Show includes a Japanese Tea Garden—a night in Venice—the sidewalk of San Francisco—watching the transports from Telegraph Hill—Taking Tea with Mama!—The Lawn Party and many other enchanting tableaux for little folks. The big mechanical circus from Paris, has eleven life-like moving figures and the band plays real circus music. Marvelous mechanical toys—electric railroads, canal, etc., Santa Claus' Daily Reception, etc.



SURE CURE FOR PILES
This form, as well as Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. It is a simple, safe, and effective cure. A Jar at druggists or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case. DR. BOSANKO, Philadelphia, Pa.

PHOTO and Magic Lantern Bargain List No. 15 now ready for mailing. T. P. ANDREWS, 109 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

WANTED Active Agents in every county seat for our Gas Lamp. Makes its own gas. Better light than electricity or kerosene. Cheaper than kerosene. Retail \$5.00. Big Money Maker. STANDARD LAMP COMPANY, Dept. B, Chicago.

CARTER'S INK
Used by millions. Sure proof of its quality.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Unreasonable.
"Yes, we're at sword's points," admitted a suburbanite, while discussing a neighbor.

"Fault on both sides, I presume?"

"No, sir, not a bit of it. I've been unfortunate, that's all, and he won't listen to explanations."

"Shot his dog, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did, but it was this way. I heard the whole street in shrieks and rushed to the window. Boys were climbing trees, mothers hustled their babies inside and locked their doors, and down the center of the street came that dog like all possessed. Of course I thought he was mad. So would anybody, and I shot him."

"Come to find out, he'd been rooting into a bumblebees' nest. I'm no expert on mad dogs and told my neighbor so, but he stormed around as though he had bees in his own hair, and I just dropped him."

"What made him madder was that I hit him in the head with an old coal scuttle. I can't see through a tight board fence, can I? I didn't know he was snooking through the alley when I threw the thing away. He was so mad that I didn't recognize his voice. I told him we didn't allow such talk and had him kicked across part of a subdivision before I discovered who he was. Then I apologized, but there's no reason in him."—Detroit Free Press.

He Hated Dem Britishers.

When Admiral Cockburn's marauders ravaged Tilghman's island in 1814, during the war between the United States and Great Britain, they found a different country from the Tilghman's island of today. Then the white population was less than 50. Old George, a Tilghman slave, who afterward belonged to the Harrisons of Long Point, where in his old age he had a comfortable quarter and a boy to wait on him, was one of the victims of Cockburn's marauders and used to tell how "dem ar' Britishers made me run down me own hawg, and not only dat, my young master, dey make yee kill 'im and skin 'im, hang um!" And the negro's heart would burn with indignation at the memory. Old George lived to be a hundred, according to the record of his birth kept by his mother's master, and lived in great comfort in his old age. He died in 1856 on Cedar Point farm, the home then of his last master, the late Theodore P. Harrison of Baltimore.—Baltimore Sun.

His Little Contribution.

One of the many stories told of the late Dr. Wallace, M. P., is to the effect that when the editor of a local paper in the north asked him "if he would kindly furnish an article on 'a light theological topic'" Wallace responded with one bearing the title "The Relations Between the Presbyterian Church and Modern Thought." When set up the article made 40 columns, and it became a puzzle to editor and printer how to get rid of it. They began by using it in pieces, and whenever the printer said to the editor, "We've got no leader," the reply was, "Eh, mon. Just sneek off about a column and a quarter of Wallace." In this way the contribution was used, first working down from the beginning, then upward from the end.—London Academy.

Ten Poisoning.

Victims of ten poisoning are becoming alarmingly prevalent. Women demand the life and variety of health, and instead of doing it naturally by building up their system they resort to tea. They should take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It tones up the nerves, regulates the bowels and cures dyspepsia.

Dewey's Foresight.

"The battle of Manila was won in Hongkong harbor," said Admiral Dewey to me when I first saw him in May, 1898, and heard him describe the great fight. Many times since then I heard him repeat the same sentiment, and the more the truth of it is considered the more light it sheds on his character. While he was brave, strong, prompt and decisive in action, he was thoughtful, cautious, deliberate and sure in preparation.

Day after day he summoned his captains to discuss all the possibilities and eventualities of a conflict with the enemy. He gave them an opportunity to say when, where and how the battle should be fought. From junior to senior he called upon them to express their opinions freely. If any man had a novel idea, it was given careful consideration. If it was an old one with improvements, it was viewed in all phases.

After the admiral had patiently heard his captains and duly interrogated them, he quietly told them his own exact plan of battle and just what he expected of each man. Whether this was made up originally out of his own ideas or from such in union with the best points advanced by his captains, it was reached only after thorough deliberation and was final.—Hon. John Barrett in Harper's Magazine.

If silence is ever golden, it must be beside the graves of men whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem, the music of which can never be sung.

"Honest Labor Bears a Lovely Face."

There is nothing more pleasing to look upon than a hearty, ruddy face, gained by honest toil. They are the saviors of the nation, these toilers of both sexes, struggling for daily bread.

Pure blood makes them able to keep up the daily round of duty at home, shop or store. If the blood has a taint or impurity, or a run down feeling comes on, the one remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine for the blood.

Poor Blood—"My blood was so poor that in hottest weather I felt cold. Hood's Sarsaparilla made me warm. It is the right thing in the right place." Hattie J. Taylor, Woodstown, N. J.

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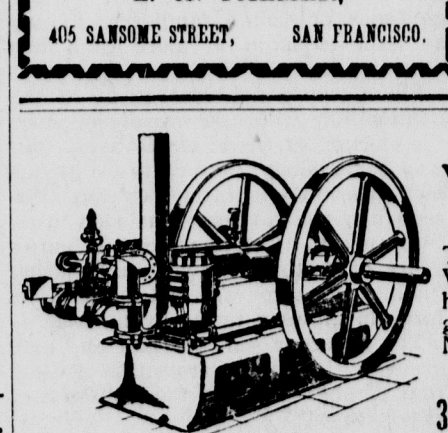
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For Gonorrhea and Gleet get Paste's Okay Specific. It is the ONLY medicine which will cure each and every case. NO CASE known to have ever failed to cure, no matter how serious or of how long standing. Results from its use will astonish you. It is absolutely safe, prevents stricture, and can be taken without inconvenience and detention from business. PRICE, \$2.00. For sale by all reliable druggists, or sent prepaid by express, plainly wrapped, on receipt of price, to
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It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. . . Sold by every druggist in the malarial sections of the United States. . . No cure, no pay. . . Price, 50c.



They All Recommend Grove's.

WHOLESALE.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 6, 1899.
PARIS MEDICINE CO., City.

Gentlemen:—We wish to congratulate you on the increased sales we are having on your Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. On examining our record of inventory under date of Jan. 1st, we find that we sold during the month of January, 1899, 2500 dozen Grove's Tonic. We also find that our sales on your Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets have been something enormous: having sold during the late Cold and Grip season 4,200 dozen. Please rush down order enclosed herewith, and oblige,
Yours truly,
MEYER & SONS, DRUG CO.
For Sale.

RETAILER.

KEDRON, ILL.

PARIS MEDICINE CO.,
Gentlemen:—I handle seven or eight different kinds of Chill Tonics but I sell ten bottles of Grove's to where I sell one of the others. I sold 25 bottles of Grove's Chill Tonic in one day and could have sold more if I had had it on hand. Mr. Dave Woods cured five cases of chills with one bottle.
Respectfully,
JOHN T. VINYARD.

CONSUMER.

WHITESBORO, Tex., Sep. 13, 1898.
PARIS MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—I write you a few lines of gratitude. I think your Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is one of the best medicines in the world for Chills and Fever. I have three children that have been down with malarial fever for 12 months and have bought Chill medicines of all kinds and Doctor's bills coming in all the time until I sent to town and got three bottles of Grove's Tonic. My children are all well now and it was your Tasteless Chill Tonic that did it. I cannot say too much in its behalf.
Yours truly,
JAMES D. ROBERTS.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1899.

Talk about watered stock and bonds, but if you want to see something really wet, wait for State storage reservoir bonds.

The loss of the cruiser Charleston is something like a personal loss to the people of this State, as she was the first Government cruiser built in San Francisco.

The indications are that organized resistance to the authority of the United States in the Philippines will soon be ended, in which event farewell to a big plank of the platform of the Bryan Democracy.

Major John A. Logan Jr. was killed while gallantly leading his battalion against the Filipinos near San Jacinto on November 12th. Young Logan proved himself a worthy son of the Black Eagle of Illinois, the greatest volunteer commander produced by our great civil war.

The dispatches say Aguinaldo moved from his so-called capital at Turlao because he found that place unhealthy. The chances are he won't find it any better anywhere in the Philippines and that he would be glad to "seek the safety seclusion grants" at Hongkong or any other old place and go without a \$400,000 reason for moving.

The scheme to have the State undertake the construction of storage reservoirs for the vast floods of surplus waters of the mountains will, beyond peradventure, breed two things, viz., another State Board with salaried places for place hunters, and bonds enough to bury the State in debt so deep that their burden will be felt into the third and fourth generation.

If the State Convention to consider the storage of surplus waters results in convincing the people of California that water companies have no right to the ownership of water, and that the title to land and water should go together and vest in the same owner or owners, then a great big long stride will have been made in settling the water and irrigation question.

Senator Pettigrew, who misrepresents the patriotic people of South Dakota in the United States Senate, recently declared "I am ashamed of my country; I would pull down the flag and go back and blot out recent history if I could." And now South Dakota has by her vote declared herself ashamed of Pettigrew, and would, if she could, blot out that portion of her history relating to this Mugwump and political crank.

The question of the storage of the flood and surplus waters is not a California question nor a State question. It is one which concerns all that vast territory lying between the 100th meridian and the Pacific ocean, of the control of interstate streams and rivers. It is from its nature a national question. It is not for the general government to aid the States in its solution, but for the several States and territories to support the general government in a comprehensive plan to solve and settle the problem for the benefit of all the people of this and future generations. The National Irrigation Association has been wrestling with this subject for a number of years and has gone thoroughly into the discussion of the question upon which this State made but a beginning the other day in San Francisco. The National Association, composed of leading men of all the arid and semi-arid States and Territories, after many annual meetings and full consideration, has given the weight of its judgment in favor of federal storage of flood and surplus waters. California has nothing to lose and everything to gain by joining in the larger movement.

The people who pay taxes will be slow to commit themselves to any gigantic experiment involving the issue of many millions of State bonds and an enormous increase of taxes.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

It seems easy to pay a note before it is due.

It is very bad taste to tell any one that you always defend him.

There is nothing people remark so quickly as stinginess in others.

The great virtue is industry; all the other virtues follow in its train.

After all, nearly everything is knocked down to the highest bidder.

The fun in hitting an enemy is not worth the pain of the blow the enemy will give in return.

Nearly every man who has a fad, wants to see it made a study in the public schools.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who admired her husband, and called him Pa?

Opportunity, which knocks but once at every door, ought to get some calling cards. It finds so many of us out.

You can always tell which one of two rivals is getting the worst of it; the one getting the worst of it is most abusive.

You are always justified in suspecting a man who offers to pay you a dollar interest for the use of two dollars for a week or so.

Too many people make the mistake of building a big house, instead of building a little one, and making it comfortable and convenient.

Thousands of people who say they do not like music, do not know whether they do or not, never having heard any. Good music is extremely rare in the west, where you find a piano or organ in every other house, and a brass band in every town.

When a man says he wants work, he does not always mean that he is willing to do the work he is capable of doing, at the market price.—Athenian Globe.

PAY IN FULL.

[Written for THE ENTERPRISE.]

Should each to each pay full his bill
[I would stamp out every social ill,
'Tis just of every earthly creed,
The rest is, but as froth, or nil.

What punishment can e'er atone
For him who sings in single tone,
Was all below, around, above,
Created for his flock alone.

Beware! What right was granted you
To trespass on your neighbor's view?
For truth is Gods, wherever found—
With Christian, Unbeliever, Jew.

There is one unive.sal creed—
The good and ill gets each its meed,
And God is here with you and me
To punish or reward each deed.

I hold the man who has no creed,
But shapes his thoughts to noble deed,
And worships under heavens arch,
Will reap from God a richer meed.

Than soul who shrunk by coded laws,
Sees in his neighbor specks and flaws—
Made blind by bigotry, will plan
To rend them both with teeth and claws.

I hold that each religion here
Is true the noble truths hold dear—
For him who steers his course by truth
The living God of Truth draws near.

I know that every noble thought,
Is sent to man with blessing fraught;
'Tis borne to earth on angel wings
A message from the Heavens brought.

No matter in what creed it dwells,
No matter in what breast it swells;
By angel choirs in Heaven 'tis sung,
As forth from springs Divine it wells.

DANIEL FLORENCE LEARY.

An Unsought Pardon.

Among the stories of that former governor of Texas familiarly known as Sam Houston is more than one amusing tale.

There was a financial agent of the penitentiary who had warmly opposed the election of Governor Houston, but was particularly anxious to retain his own pleasantly lucrative position. Consequently the governor was soon in receipt of a petition in which the man's years of faithful service and special qualifications for the place were set forth in glowing terms by himself.

The governor sent for him and said gravely, "It appears from this petition that you have been in the penitentiary eight years."

"I have," was the reply.
"And during that time you have performed faithfully every duty that has come in your way to the best of your ability?"

"I have," answered the agent, his courage swiftly rising.
"Then, sir," said the governor, with the air of one conferring a priceless favor, "I pardon you!"—Youth's Companion.

Clergymen Lead in Longevity.

Diagrams prepared by an expert for one of the large life insurance companies to illustrate the comparative longevity of clergymen, farmers, teachers, lawyers and doctors, show that 42 out of every 170 ministers of the gospel reach the age of 70. The farmers come next, their proportion for 70 years of age being 40 out of 170. Next come the teachers with 34; the lawyers show 25, and the doctors are last, with only 24 out of 170.—Atlanta Journal.

Head of the House.

McSwatters—Where is your mother-in-law now?

McSwatters—We are living with her.

McSwatters—What! I thought you owned a house?

McSwatters—I did till she came.—Syracuse Herald.

WANTED—SEVERAL BRIGHT AND HONEST persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary \$300 a year and expens. Strictly bona-fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference, Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 3, Chicago.

DREAMLAND.

I heard him laugh in his sleep last night,
I heard him laugh in his sleep,
And softly up to his bed I crept,
As softly as I could creep.

And I bent above him as he lay,
I bent and whispered low,
"O beautiful dreams that to childhood come,
I, too, your joys would know!"

And I listened as soft he laughed again,
I listened, and then I sighed,
I wondered where he was wandering
While Dreamland's gates stood wide.

For I could not follow where he went,
For my wings had been clipped by care,
And only those who can soar on high
May enter sweet Dreamland fair.

But I could patiently watch and wait
And love him as there he lay,
For Dreamland's wonders he'd tell to me
When back he came with the day.

So I was glad when he laughed in his sleep,
Was glad, and I knew no pain,
For, led by the hand of my laughing boy,
Dreamland was my own again.
—Morning Guide.

Some English Cranks.

When I lived at Newport, R. L., from 1864 to 1878, says Colonel T. W. Higginson, in The Atlantic, there was a constant procession of foreign visitors, varying in interest and often quite wanting in it. I remember one eminent literary man who, in spite of all cautions to the contrary, appeared at a rather fashionable day reception in what would now be called a golf suit, of the loudest possible plaid, like that of the Scotch cousin in Punch who comes down thus dressed for church to the terror of his genteel cousins. In this case the visitor also wore a spangly glass of great size, hung round his neck, all through the entertainment.

Another highly connected Englishman, attending an evening reception given expressly for him, came into the parlor with his hat and umbrella in his hand, declining to be parted from them through the whole evening, which suggested to a clever Newport lady the story of the showman who exhibited a picture of Daniel in the lions' den and pointed out that Daniel was to be distinguished from the lions by having a blue cotton umbrella under his arm. In this case, the lady remarked that the conditions were reversed, since it was the lion that carried the umbrella.

What the Mouth Tells.

A certain philosopher declares that a woman is known by her mouth, not by the words that issue therefrom, but by the shape and color of the lips and the lines and dimples that gather about this important feature. He is supported in his theory by physiognomists, who all endeavor to prove that no woman with the small, red lippe "Cupid bow" mouth, so praised in song and story, was ever intellectual or generous of heart, and it is consoling to those whose mouths are not in accordance with the lines of beauty laid down by the poets to be told that a "wide, straight mouth, with strong, white teeth," denotes the woman of superior intelligence, goodness of heart, strength of mind and a thousand and one other sterling qualities which one likes to think she possesses.

It is the fashion at present for women to hold their lips slightly apart. This is supposed to give that innocent, wistful, wondering expression which was the peculiar property of the heroines of old fashioned novels, but which bicycle riding and kindred modern amusements have caused to vanish. It is difficult for the thin lippe, determined woman to acquire this trick, but perseverance works wonders.—Baltimore Herald.

Beefy Beauties.

"In Turkey the most beautiful and desirable woman is the one who weighs the most," writes an American who has been sojourning in the sultan's domain. "A thin and willowy creature would have no social standing in Turkey and would be a total failure on the stage in Constantinople. Unless a woman is fat she cannot secure an engagement in a musical hall, and the fatter she is the more enthusiasm she arouses and the larger is her salary."

"On the evening after my arrival in Constantinople I went to the Concordia Music hall, and there I saw more feminine breadth, depth, thickness, heft and circumference than I had ever before seen under one roof. The first woman who sang was fat; the second was fatter; the third was no, not fat, although she was much heavier than No. 2. She was merely the promise of what was yet to come. They were holding back the really big artists for the finale.

"At last these two came on. They were 'sisters' and they made a large family by themselves. The house arose in joy as the two vast, egg shaped objects appeared on the stage. The Turks, who had been sitting stolidly in the boxes looking with dull unconcern at the frail vocalists who weighed less than 300, now straightened up and clapped their hands."

The Vaudeville Theater.

Sometimes the vaudeville theater is an individual and independent enterprise; more often it belongs to a circuit. The patronage, expenses and receipts are enormous. One circuit will speak for all. It has a theater in New York, one in Philadelphia, one in Boston, and one in Providence, and they give no Sunday performances, and yet these four theaters entertain over 5,000,000 people every year, give employment to 350 attaches and to 3,500 actors.

Four thousand people pass in and out of each one of these theaters daily. Ten thousand dollars are distributed each week in salaries to the actors and \$3,500 to the attaches. Take one theater for example, the house in Boston. It is open the year round, and it costs \$7,000 a week to keep it open, while its patrons will average 25,000 every week. On a holiday it will play to from 10,000 to 12,000 people.—From "The Vaudeville Theater," by Edwin Milton Royle, in Scribner's.

SOME AWFUL DEATHS.

FEARFUL FORMS IN WHICH THE GRIM DESTROYER CALLS.

The Venom of a South Australian Spider and the Frightful Agency It Causes—A Grain That Makes Its Victim a Raving Maniac.

What is the most awful shape in which death may come to mortal man? Not by fire, nor by water, nor by gunshot. These are mere pleasures to some of the deaths by which you may die.

The most agonizing of all is caused by an insect half the size of a pea—a small black spider. It lives in Peru and South Australia, but a few specimens have reached Europe and America in shiploads of timber. Not long ago a dock laborer was unlucky enough to come upon one in the Victoria docks while unloading a bark. The tiny death dealer dropped upon the back of his hand and dug its fangs into his flesh. The bite itself was nothing, but as soon as the poison began to work the man fainted with pain. Soon afterward he came to and lived three days before the end came.

This spider's venom scorches up the blood vessels and spreads through all the tissues, causing the most fearful agony a human being can have to bear. The worst of it is that the victim lives at least two days, enduring unthinkable anguish the whole time. This spider is luckily not common. It is known as the "specky," and when a man who knows what the bite means is bitten he generally blows out his brains.

Another fearful death is caused by eating a grain called "bhat." This sometimes gets mixed with rice, which it resembles. The plant grows in the east, and a few grains of it will drive one into a state of violent mania. The victim becomes drowsy at first and afterward hilarious, then he goes stark, staring mad and tears himself literally to pieces with his fingers, biting mouthfuls out of his limbs. It is bad enough to see such a case, but as for experiencing it—

This grain is only found in remote parts of the east, but both white men and natives are killed by it occasionally in the east, for the plant grows in with the rice crops and can scarcely be told apart, but that the dried grain is of a reddish color.

Of course falling into a vat of boiling metal, as unfortunate workmen sometimes do, sounds bad enough, but it is mercifully quick. There is a South American vine called the "knotter," which is far worse. It twines around any living thing that comes within reach, twisting its long tentacles about a man as a devilish might. These tentacles sear and burn into the flesh like white hot wires, and the victim is dragged into the heart of the foliage and his juices slowly drained, as a spider sucks the blood of a fly.

All say that the pain is worse than they could have believed it possible for a man to feel. The "knotter" is well known to scientists and is, in fact, a sort of huge flytrap plant. Those who have strong instincts of cruelty, coupled with curiosity, sometimes force a dog into the grip of the "knotter" to watch the effects, which are too horrible to describe in detail.

Again, there is nothing very much worse than hydrophobia, when genuine. The patient often lives for days in the acute stage and in his last hours is simply tied up in knots and bent backward and forward like a bow. It is a very rare disease with human beings, for most people bitten by rabid dogs, a small number at most, escape it. In extreme cases the patient actually snarls and bays like any hound, and next to experiencing it, the worst thing is to watch a case. It is as distressing a spectacle as any man could witness.

There is a snake called the "lancer," which lives in South America, and is very ready with its fangs. It is a small, brown, insignificant beast, but its bite induces a sort of imaginary swelling all over the victim's body. He feels as if every inch of him were being strained to breaking point, and the agony which results is too awful for words. Generally, however, the excess of pain drives the bitten man mad before very long, and in four hours he dies—a senseless imbecile.

But, all said and done, perhaps there is no death much worse than by the common disease of cancer, which gnaws at the patient's vitals through month after month of unceasing agony and slays its victim at last through sheer exhaustion.—London Spectator.

Her Thoughtfulness.

"Beautiful, my dear!"
The elderly millionaire who had married the famous beauty regarded the watch chain admiringly.

"A very delightful birthday present," he continued, beaming upon his fair young wife. "So massive and yet in such excellent taste."

"I am so glad you like it," she observed. "It was so cheap too. Just think, it cost only \$15."

"Only \$15!" echoed the millionaire, in astonishment. "Fifteen dollars for this solid gold chain?"

"Oh, of course it isn't solid gold," she interposed. "You could never get a solid gold chain for that price."

"What is it, then?"

"Why, gold filled, to be sure."

"I see," said her husband, stroking his chin reflectively. "But why this sudden streak of economy? Don't you think I can afford to wear a solid gold chain?"

"Of course you can," she assented. "But this one is guaranteed to last for ten years—and—and—"

"Well?" said the millionaire inquiringly.
"Well, dear," she concluded, after some hesitation, "as that is quite as long as you are likely to live, I thought it would be foolish extravagance to pay any more!"—Harold Eyre in Woman's Home Companion.

An Evening Call.

"I called on Perkins last evening," remarked Mr. Brown.
"Did you have a pleasant time?" inquired Mrs. Brown.
"Very. Perkins was beating his wife when I came in."

"What?"
"I say Perkins was beating his wife, but of course he stopped when I came in."

"Well, I should hope so."
"I begged him to go right on, but he said some other time would do just as well."

"You begged him to go on."
"Oh, you brute!"
"Eh?"

"Do you mean to say you could have looked calmly on while he beat his wife?"

"Certainly. Why not?"
"I thought you had at least a spark of manhood left. I suppose you will be beating me next."

"Yes, I think I could if you would play cribbage with me."

"Play cribbage?"

"Yes. That is what Perkins and his wife were doing."

"You horrid thing!"—San Francisco Examiner.

Not Stricken With Grief.

"I thought my ambulance service had hardened me against unpleasant surprises," said a young doctor who does considerable work on the lower east side, "but sometimes it seems not. For instance, yesterday morning when I called on an old woman patient in a big tenement down town I found she was dying, and I was shocked to see lying asleep beside her on the narrow bed a young girl of about 15."

"I aroused her at once and explained to her that her grandmother was within a few minutes of death. I thought naturally that she would jump out of her unpleasant position, without thinking long about the manner of her jumping. But I fooled myself. She just glanced at the old lady and shook off my hand sullenly and muttered 'You lemme 'lone,' then she turned over to go to sleep again without moving away an inch."

"The rest of the family went on with their chattering and wailing, and when I left the house after the end had come to the grandmother the girl was still sleeping there, refusing to have her morning nap disturbed, and somehow my system was considerably jarred by the thing."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Manners in Public.

The person who has been trained from childhood to consider the comfort and convenience of others at the expense of his own will instinctively take the least comfortable seat in a car and get on or off the car in a way which will cause others the least inconvenience. The person who has not been trained in this way will make himself obnoxious and cause much inward swearing among his neighbors. Let the children be trained to be polite.—Washington Times.

Lemons For the Hands.

One of the best possible manicure acids is lemon juice, diluted with a little warm water. It not only removes stains from the nails, but loosens the cuticle far better than scissors will. Lemons are also excellent for whitening hands which have become tanned by exposure to the sun in boating or other outdoor exercise.—Home Notes.

Nothing takes impudence out of people so promptly as adversity.—Athenian Globe.

W. E. GILMAN F. G. LYNCH

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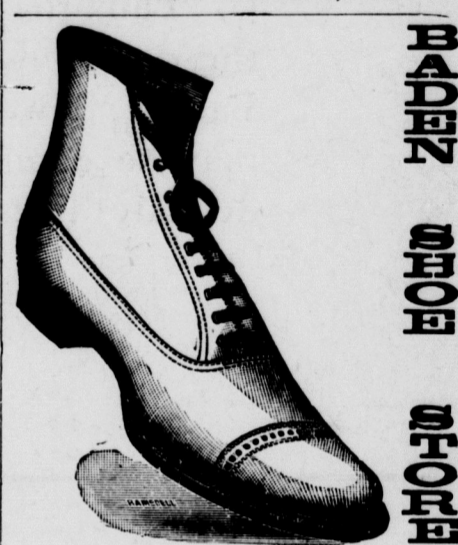
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Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

THOS. BENNERS, Prop.

Grand Avenue, Next to P. O.
South San Francisco, Cal.



First-Class Stock

BOOTS and SHOES,
Constantly on hand and for sale
Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and
Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.
GRAND AVE. South San Francisco.

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INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

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HAMBURG-BREMEN,
PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,
AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,
Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TOWN NEWS.

The coal famine continues. Our coal dealers caught without stocks.

The opening meeting at Tanforan Park has been a successful one.

For fire insurance in first-class companies apply to E. E. Cunningham.

Mrs. A. E. Shirley, wife of our new barber, has joined her husband here.

The rains have temporarily interfered with rock handling at Tanforan Park.

Born—In this town, on Tuesday, November 13th, to the wife of J. F. Lyman, a daughter.

When will our school trustees move in the matter of putting out trees at the school house grounds?

J. P. Newman is taking a two-weeks' vacation, which he is spending among old friends at Merced.

F. A. Martin of San Francisco, owner of two handsome cottages on Baden avenue, was in town Tuesday.

Mr. Pratt, the landlord of the old Pioneer French Saloon, trimmed up the trees and made things tidy about the place.

Mr. J. Conley, a relative of Mr. John Schirck, and a late arrival from the old country, has secured a position at the Pottery.

Services at Grace Mission Church, by Rev. E. H. Benson, Sunday, at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 10 a. m.

Frank Martin is having the grounds at his cottages improved and ornamented with grass plots and flowering plants and shrubs.

During the past week in the Superior Court judgment was rendered in case of Victoria Wagner vs. L. Lazzarovich in favor of the plaintiff.

Rev. E. H. Benson has leased the Vanderbugle House, on Grand avenue, and will occupy the same as a residence until a rectory is built near the church.

Harry C. Wyatt, formerly of this place, but at present hospital steward at the County Hospital, near San Mateo, was in town on Saturday greeting old friends.

Don't forget that your State and county taxes will become delinquent at 6 p. m. on the 37th day of this month, after which time 15 per cent will be added.

Billy Carruthers, an old timer here, better known as "Tex," after an absence of some six years, turned up smiling on Tuesday and spent the day seeing old friends.

The sale of personal property to J. Johnston amounting to \$200 and belonging to the estate of Mrs. LeCorne, has been confirmed. The sale was made by James Crowe as guardian of the said estate.—Coast Advocate.

Rev. George Wallace has left on the steamer Doric for Japan, where he has accepted a position in a theological seminary or college. His friends and parishioners of this town remembered him with a handsome testimonial, which was presented to him at the steamer. Mr. Wallace will remain in Japan for three years.

People's Store is constantly receiving fresh stocks of dry and furnishing goods, fancy goods and notions. Remember that you can get almost any article you want in these lines with a large and varied stock to select from at city prices, at the People's Store. Then why take a dollar away from your town? Buy at home.

Mrs. Minnie Jones left on Wednesday to join her father and mother at Alameda. Mrs. Jones was the first woman to make her permanent residence here. For nearly eight years she has been the mainstay and manager of the Baden Hotel. We trust she will return ere long for her permanent loss would be regretted by everyone.

MASQUERADE BALL.

To be given under the auspices of San Mateo Lodge No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective Association, at Butchers' Hall, South San Francisco, Thanksgiving Eve., Nov. 29.

Committee of Arrangements—Thomas Mason, M. Hawes, Paul Bruer, J. P. Newman and R. Gollnik.

Floor Manager.—Thomas Mason.

Reception Committee.—J. P. Todt, James McWilliams, E. Adams, R. Graham, E. Graham, F. Healy and L. Remmele.

Gentlemen's Prizes—First prize, best sustained character, \$10. Second prize, fanciest costume, \$5. Third prize, most original character, 100 visiting cards and case. Fourth prize, best female impersonator, 100 visiting cards and case. Fifth prize, best tramp makeup, one dozen shaves.

Ladies' Prizes—First prize, best sustained character, \$10. Second prize, fanciest costume, \$5. Third prize, most original character, 100 visiting cards and case. Fourth prize, best male impersonator, 1 Rochester lamp. Fifth prize, best patriotic costume, 1 album. Best clown makeup, 1 box cigars. Best Dutchman makeup, 1 keg of beer. Excellent music. Refreshments served in hall. General admission, 50 cents.

GRANTED A LICENSE TO A DEAD MAN.

Last Monday the Board of Supervisors of this county granted a liquor license to a man who had been dead for more than a month. An application for a license was filed some time ago by J. P. Sweeney, who desired to open a saloon near Colma. A few days afterward Sweeney was killed by an electric car. The application came upon Monday, and although the Board was notified of the man's death the petition was granted.—San Mateo Leader.

RESOLUTIONS.

Lodge San Mateo, No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' P. & B. Association.

Whereas, In view of the loss we have sustained by the decease of our friend and brother, Frank E. Nunes, and of the still heavier loss sustained by those who were nearest and dearest to him; Therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of our departed brother, that in regretting his removal from our midst we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best and whose chastisements are meant in mercy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded on the records of our Lodge and a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of our deceased brother and to the South San Francisco Enterprise.

AT MCQUEEN'S HALL.

This evening an entertainment and dance will be given by the Sentinels of the Universe. Performance by minstrel troupe. Music by the Sentinel band. Admission free.

UNION COURSING PARK

Recording Angel, in Poor Condition, is Badly Beaten.

FAVORITES MAKE A WINNING.

The talent had a good time at Union Park Sunday, although the sport started off with a bad upset, the 8-to-1 favorite, Firm Friend, being led and beaten by the New Zealand hound, Dora B. The special race between Sisuquo and Recording Angel was a fizzle and was called off after the first heat was run. Sisuquo was in prime shape, but Recording Angel was away off. The trainers did not have time to condition her properly, and although she was two or three pounds too light she seemed lively and was started. She could not strike a gallop, and Sisuquo led her several lengths to the hare and ran up a good score before she could get in. When she did she worked the hare very neatly, but Sisuquo had too large a score.

Master Clair captured the complimentary stake, after some good running. He had lots of luck, but would have won anyway. Crawford Lad became the runner-up, but had to be withdrawn on account of a hard course. Luxor was unlucky in getting a hard course in the first round.

White Head won the reserve stake in fine style. Lucky Dog showed speed all day long and led White Head in the final, made the first few turns and was then beaten out by the better-staying dog. Belle Clair showed the best staying powers yet exhibited by any hound. Nearly run to a standstill last Sunday and suffering from a three-minute course on Saturday, she came out yesterday and worked her way gamely into the semi-final.

The draw for the Merced meeting will be held this evening. There will be no consolation at Union Park next Sunday, but a draw will be held as usual on Wednesday evening for an open and a puppy stake. In the open stake \$10 will be given winners of one course.—S. F. Chronicle.

A Rascally Valet.

Von Bunsen told me that Humboldt in his latter days was completely under the influence of a rascally valet named Seiffert, and to the disgust of his friends, bequeathed to him all his effects, of little value, it is true, for the old man left no property of any account. Even his private letters and papers went to the wretch.

The king and the queen, said Von Bunsen, were for years in the habit of sending Humboldt a present on his birthday. At length it became difficult to know what would be acceptable to the old man, whose wants were so few and tastes so simple. It was their habit to send an aid-de-camp to him a few weeks before his birthday to ascertain, if he could, the sort of gift likely to be most acceptable to him, and whatever that might be, of course, it was sent.

Shortly previous to one of these anniversaries, and in reply to a similar inquiry, the royal couple got word that the philosopher would be pleased to receive a double bed. They wondered what in the world could have put it into Humboldt's head to ask for a double bed, having probably never slept in one in all his life and having been habituated from childhood to the least luxurious sleeping arrangements imaginable.

The old man died, however, before the expected birthday anniversary arrived. It then transpired that the provident valet had concluded it would be a nice thing for him and his wife to have a spick and span new bed with the royal arms upon it, and had taken advantage of the king's regard for Humboldt to try getting one at their majesties' expense.—John Bigelow in Century.

Affairs of the Heart.

The beautiful young girl hesitated to marry the ugly old man.

"They say you have a bad heart," she faltered.

"Yes; I'm liable to fall dead any minute," he answered with apparent candor.

Now at last she gave her consent, for in her innocence she believed him. More marriages are affairs of the heart than we sometimes think perhaps.—Detroit Journal.

SOCIETY KLEPTOMANIACS.

They Perforate Articles of Virtue From the Homes of Officials.

One of the leading jewelers of the capital was somewhat taken aback one day, says a Washington paper, by receiving from the wife of a high official an order for half a dozen gold nails with a jewel in the head of each and a dozen small gold chains. He inquired the uses to which the nails were to be put, when his patron said:

"You see, I have a number of very valuable objects of art, which, although they are very expensive, are very small and easily handled. As the wife of an official of the government, I am obliged to open my house during the season to the constituents of my husband and the Washington curiosity seeking public in general. On my reception day, therefore, my house is crowded with all sorts of people, and last winter I suffered the loss of several of my most valuable treasures.

"I have long been trying to devise some plan by which I can keep my objects of art outside of my cabinets and yet not have them stolen, for that is the only word I can use in regard to the loss of my treasures. I have concluded that I must either nail down some of the bric-a-brac or chain it securely to the table, and hence I am going to try this remedy. That is why I want these nails and chains."

This woman's predicament is not an unusual one in Washington official circles. The kleptomaniacs who commit the most aggravated depredations are for the most part well known leaders in society.

One winter social circles in Washington were greatly bewildered and shocked by the doings of one of the best known women in official circles. A number of hostesses began to miss valuable doilies from their dinner tables after they had given luncheons or dinners, and finally several of them got together and compared notes, and suspicion fell upon one of the women who had been the guest at luncheons given by those gathered at the conference.

Finally the wife of a prominent diplomat determined to stop the raid upon the doilies, and at the next luncheon she seated the suspected kleptomaniac next to her. When the doilies were brought on, she watched her guest and discovered that the latter laid her doily on the table and, carelessly dropping her handkerchief over it, picked up both.

The hostess, in a most charming manner, turned to her guest and said: "Pardon me, my dear Mrs. —, but I am afraid you have my most exquisite doily in your handkerchief. It is so fine I am afraid it will be crushed and therefore call your attention to your inadvertence in taking it up with your handkerchief."

The guest was not in the least abashed, and with a laugh she shook out her handkerchief, and the doily fell back on the table, whereupon she exclaimed: "Why, dear me, so I have! How very careless of me!"

There were significant glances all around the table, but no more doilies were lost during that season.

THE OPEN MOUTH.

Said to Be a Survival of Babyhood Tendencies.

Hiram M. Stanley advances a new explanation of the tendency to open the mouth in surprise and astonishment. Darwin ascribed this tendency to the intuitive desire for quietness and to mere relaxation of the muscles. Mr. Stanley finds a deeper organic reason—namely, that the open mouth is the attention sign, and is a primitive and constant reaction with the young of many animals for the reception of food—for example, with birds.

Any sound or other stimulus immediately causes the young bird to extend its mouth. With young infants the same influence has often the same effect. The mouth of the infant under such stimulation usually assumes the sucking form, and its smile when the finger is pointed at it may be either nascent or degraded sucking.

Mr. Stanley maintains that the common and highly useful tendency of the very young to open the mouth to all stimuli, visual, aural, etc., continues as a survival in after life, being especially brought out with stimuli of high intensity and unusual quality and thus becomes a mark of surprise and astonishment. It is a habit very common among boys and girls to open the mouth under any attention. The rise of smiling and laughter as connected with wit and humor—at the basis of which lies surprise—thus declares itself as a kind of attention expression.

Assuming that the primary expression of the mouth is a feeding expression and that this probably has been modified and evolved in connection with a variety of attention phenomena, Mr. Stanley suggests that it would be worth while to make a detailed study of expression in infants and young animals with this point in view.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Care of Rubber Goods.

In putting away rubber gloves, rubber sponge bags and rubber bathing caps a liberal supply of talcum, or even ordinary toilet powder, should be applied to them on all sides, and they should be placed carefully in boxes without rolling. When they are needed for use again, they will not be found adhering in different places in a way that makes pulling apart dangerous, if not entirely disastrous.

Rough on the Minister.

Sir William Long tells a story of an old Scotch lady who could not abide long sermons. She was hobnobbing out of the kirk one Sunday when a coachman, who was waiting for his people, asked her, "Is the minister done wi' his sermon?"

"He was done lang syne," said the old lady impatiently, "but we wauna stoop!"

WASHINGTON'S LAST YEARS.

His Happy Life With His Wife at Mount Vernon.

At the time of his retirement to Mount Vernon, after the expiration of his term as president, "the tall figure of Washington was only slightly bent and he was still supposed to weigh upward of 200 pounds," writes William Perrine of "The Last Years of Washington's Life" in The Ladies' Home Journal.

"Excepting his gray hair and his false teeth and some trouble in hearing there was little of the usual appearance of age in his muscular person, his gait and his strong, pock-marked face. He was affable and merry with his best friends, but while he had the true hospitality of a southern gentleman in inviting every visitor from a distance to his table or to a bed over night, his politeness was generally formal. Yet if he particularly enjoyed the conversation of a guest he would pay him the compliment of listening to him until after 9 o'clock, or even of lighting him with the candle to a bedroom for the night.

Mrs. Washington at this time was a healthy, pleasant and unostentatious little woman, still showing traces of good looks and with seldom any other thought than of playing respectably her role of mistress of the house of a country gentleman, of caring for the negroes or of amusing herself with her knitting. She had great pride in her recipe for making 'cherry bounce,' and on a midsummer day she cut out 32 pairs of breeches for the men working on the farm. She had said that she and the general felt like children just released from school when he left the presidency, and she told of her satisfaction in settling down again to the 'duties of an old fashioned Virginia housekeeper, steady as a clock, busy as a bee and cheerful as a cricket.'

WANTED—SEVERAL BRIGHT AND HONEST persons to represent us as Managers in this and other counties. Salary \$200 a year and expenses. Straight bona-fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 3, Chicago.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is fairly active and prices steady.

Sheep—Sheep of all kinds are selling at strong prices.

Hogs—Hogs are selling at strong prices. Provisions—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$10 less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle, delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 fat steers 8½¢@9¢; second quality, 8¢@8½¢; Thin steers 7¢@8¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers 7¢@7½¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 6½¢@7¢; Thin cows, 5¢@6¢; Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 220 lbs and under 5½¢@5¾¢; over 220 to 300 lbs, 5¢@5½¢; rough heavy hogs, 4½¢@5¢.

Sheep—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, unshorn, 3¾¢@4¢; shorn, 3½¢; Ewes, unshorn, 3½¢@3¾¢; shorn, 3¼¢; Lambs, 4½¢@4¾¢; live wt, unshorn.

Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5¢@5½¢; over 250 lbs 4¢@4½¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 7¢@7½¢; second quality, 6¢; Third quality 6½¢; First quality cows and heifers, 6¢@6½¢; second quality, 5½¢@6¢; Third quality, 5¢@5½¢.

Veal—Large, 7¢@7½¢; small, 8½¢@9¢; Mutton—Wethers, 7¢@7½¢; ewes, 6½¢@7¢; Spring Lambs, 7½¢@8½¢.

Dressed Hogs—Hard, 8¢@8½¢.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12½¢; picnic hams, 9¢; Atlanta ham, 9¢; New York shoulder, 9¢.

Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 13¢; light S. C. bacon, 12¢; med. bacon, clear, 9½¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 9¢; clear light, 10½¢; clear ex. light bacon, 12¢.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$14 50; do, hf-bbl, \$7 50; Family beef, bbl, \$13 50; hf-bbl, \$7 00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$13 00; do, hf-bbl, \$6 75.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 8½¢; do, light, 9¢; do, Bellies, 9½¢; Extra Clear, bbls, \$17 00; hf-bbls, \$8 75; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 50; do, kits, \$1 30.

Lard—Prices are \$10 lb: Tes. ¼-cbls, 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 6½¢ 6¾¢ 6½¢ 6¾¢ 7¼¢ 7¾¢ Cal. pure 7¼¢ 7½¢ 7½¢ 7¾¢ 8¢ 8½¢

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ½¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, 22 45; 1s \$1 40; Roast Beef, 2s 22 45; 1s, \$1 40.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

THE TURF.

WESTERN TURF ASSOCIATION.

(Incorporated.)

MEMBER AMERICAN TURF CONGRESS.

TANFORAN PARK

TANFORAN PARK

TANFORAN PARK

South San Francisco. San Mateo Co. Main Office, Parlor "A," Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

W. J. MARTIN, F. H. GREEN, President. Secretary and Manager.

FIRST WINTER SEASON.

FIRST WINTER SEASON.

First Meeting, From NOVEMBER 4 to NOVEMBER 18, 1899, inclusive.

Size high-class running races every week day, beginning at 1:30 p. m. Last race at 4 p. m.

Beautiful country scenery, sunshine and fresh air. A model race track, superb grand stand and unexcelled accommodations.

—TRAIN SERVICE.—

(S. P. Company. Third-street Station.) Local trains leave at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 a. m.

Special trains at 12:40, 12:50 and 1:25 p. m., returning immediately after the last race at 4:45 p. m.

San Jose and Way Stations—Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 p. m. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 p. m.

Trains leave Valencia street ten minutes later than from Third street.

Race trains stop directly at the entrance to grand stand.

Last cars of all trains reserved for women and their escorts. No smoking.

RATES—From San Francisco to Tanforan and return (including admission to grounds), \$1.25. Single round-trip tickets, 40 cents. Holders of Association badges may secure a twenty-four-day coupon ticket, limited to thirty days, upon presentation of badges at Third or Valencia street stations for \$3.50.

Register all complaints without delay with the secretary and manager of the Association.

The Son's Answer.

After his son's great success with the "Dame aux Camelias," Alexandre Dumas wrote to him as though a stranger, congratulating him on the book, and expressing a desire to make the author's acquaintance. "I myself am a literary man," said he, in conclusion, "and you may have heard my name as the author of 'Monte-Christo.'"

Dumas fils was equal to the occasion. He wrote immediately in reply, expressing the great pleasure he would have in making his correspondent's acquaintance, principally on account of the high terms in which he had always heard his father speak of the author of "Monte-Christo."—Rival.

He Made It Clear.

The Worcester Gazette tells of a musician whose English is not as perfect as his music. While conducting a festival at Littleton, N. H., he was called upon to introduce a soloist. He did it in this fashion:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have been asked indrodoose to you Meester Vilder to play for you a floet solo. I haf now done so, und he vill now do so."

The use of cocaine to produce local insensibility is forbidden in Turkey on religious grounds.

FOR SALE.

One double-bed, one new lounge and other furniture. Inquire at Postoffice for particulars and prices.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

NOTICE.

Patrons of the Postoffice at this place will please take notice that hereafter no money orders will be issued after 6:30 o'clock, p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

IF YOU WANT

GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

United States Laundry.

Office, 1004 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

First-Class Work Guaranteed. Moderate Rates.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco, on Tuesdays and Fridays every week.

J. T. CASEY, Agent.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

SPEAKING ABOUT BRICKS!

Bricks for Business Blocks, Dwellings, Roadways, Foundations, Sewers, Cisterns, Sidewalks, Mantels, Chimneys

—AT KILN PRICES—

Now is the time to build brick houses. Why not have the best for your money. Plans and estimates of brick houses and dwellings furnished on application at prices to suit.

BADEN BRICK COMPANY

South San Francisco, Cal.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

J. L. WOOD,
Carpenter and General Jobbing
Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.
South San Francisco, Cal.

ARMOUR HOTEL

HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor

Table and Accommodations
The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden
in connection with the
Hotel.
South San Francisco, Cal

A Shrew That Was Tamed.

"HAVEN'T the least fear," said Maj. Delaford.

"Then you're a man of unbounded courage," retorted his friend, Ulysses Crinklethorpe. "For—may I venture to be frank?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly! By all means."

"Well, then, they do say that Mrs. Flashington drove her first husband into his grave by her ungovernable temper."

"I've heard that before," said Maj. Delaford, puffing complacently away at his cigar.

"But, of course," with a little sarcastic laugh, "you don't believe it?"

"Excuse me," said Maj. Delaford, severely, "I do believe it. I have seen, now and then, an expression in Justina's eyes which fully carries out any theory of that nature."

"And yet you are going to marry her?"

"And yet I am going to marry her," said Maj. Delaford, are you crazy?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Will you be honest with me?"

"To be sure," nodded the Major.

"Then, why do you marry Mrs. Flashington?"

"Well, from a variety of reasons. One



"YES, A BRUTE, AND I'M SORRY I EVER MARRIED YOU."

is that I like her. She's a pretty little gypsy, with a skin like white velvet, and delicious long lashes to her eyes!"

"Proceed."

"A second is—mind, now, I never did pretend to be one of the disinterested lovers one reads about in dime novels—that the dear, departed Flashington left her remarkably well off. And I have more merit than money."

"I think you will repent it," said Mr. Crinklethorpe, "for, by all accounts, the black-eyed divinity is neither more nor less than a virago."

"There are very few actions in this world that one doesn't repent, in a greater or less degree," said Maj. Delaford, sentimentally, "but, averaging things, I'm willing to risk it."

And Maj. Delaford was married the next week to Mrs. Flashington.

It was not long, as Mr. Crinklethorpe had foretold, before the claw began to peep from under Mrs. Flashington Delaford's velvet sheath.

"Felix," she said one day, "I don't like this location."

"Don't you, my dear?" said Maj. Delaford. "I've lived here two-and-thirty years and always found it very pleasant."

"I don't like it," said Mrs. Delaford. "I prefer a house nearer the park."

Maj. Delaford went on reading.

"Felix, I say?" The bride's voice was raised a degree or so higher—the dangerous sparkle had come into her eyes.

"Yes, Justy."

"I mean to move uptown."

"Do you?"

"And at once."

"Very well," said the Major, "then you will move alone. I shall remain where I am."

"Maj. Delaford, you are a brute!"

The Major bowed. Justina burst into tears.

"Yes, a brute, and I'm sorry I ever married you!"

And after that Mrs. Delaford did not speak to her husband for two days. But as the Major appeared in no wise affected by this tactiturnity she adopted another plan, and scolded steadily for three days.

"Look here, Justy, this won't do," said the Major, at the week's end. "I don't fancy either a dumb woman or a fury!"

"That I should live to be so spoken to," whimpered Mrs. Delaford.

"So," went on the Major, "I have written to my cousin Rosamond Bly, to come and spend the summer here."

"I won't have her in my house!" shrieked the bride.

"But I will have her in mine," composedly retorted the husband.

"Let me see her presume to enter this house!" cried Justina.

"Let me see you presume to be uncivil to her," said the Major, knitting his brows in a way that Mrs. Delaford had never seen in her late husband's countenance. For, to tell the truth, the late Mr. Flashington had been but a chicken-hearted individual at best.

Mrs. Delaford flounced out of the room and banged the door viciously behind her.

Miss Bly arrived the next day—a cherry-cheeked, bright-eyed girl, with lips wreathed in smiles, and a brand-new traveling suit cut after a deal pret-

tier pattern than the bride's own. Mrs. Delaford refused to speak to her.

"Justina," said her husband, in a warning voice, "this is my cousin, Rosamond. I hope you will make her welcome to our home."

But Mrs. Delaford only threw a slipper at her husband, burst into tears, and ran hysterically upstairs.

"Oh, Felix! what's the matter?" asked Rosamond, half-frightened out of her senses. "Had I better go home?"

"By no means, my dear Rosamond," said the Major. "You see, I have married a woman with a temper. But she'll be all the more charming when that fault is rooted out of her character."

The Major went upstairs and tried to open the door. It was locked.

"Justina," he said, gently, "it is I. Let me in."

"I won't!" snapped the bride.

"Will you come downstairs, then?"

"I will not come out of my room until that woman is out of the house!" sputtered forth Mrs. Delaford.

"Very well, my dear," said the Major, and he returned to the drawing-room with unruffled philosophy.

Mrs. Delaford adhered to her resolution, although it was much tried by sundry peculiar sounds she heard on the outside of her door.

"Maj. Delaford has carpenters at work altering the house," thought she. "It makes but little difference to me in any case. I shan't stay here."

At the end of the third day, however, she concluded to go downstairs. But when she opened the door, lo and behold! her egress was barred by a grating iron door.

"Mercy upon us!" cried Mrs. Delaford. "What is this?"

"Please, ma'am," said the little maid, who had brought up her meals three times a day, "it's master as had it done."

"What for?" cried Justina.

"Please, ma'am," said Hetty, trembling all over, "don't you know you're crazy?"

"Insolent minion!" said Mrs. Delaford, "call your master at once."

Maj. Delaford came immediately upstairs, with Rosamond Bly clinging in a frightened sort of way to his arm.

"How do you feel now, my dear?" he asked, solicitously.

"I'm well enough," snarled Mrs. Delaford. "Open that door, quick!"

"Mad! Very mad, indeed!" said Maj. Delaford, in a sotto voce, turning to Rosamond.

"Ruffian!" cried the bride, "how dare you speak so?"

"Getting violent!" added the Major, shaking his head.

"Let me out, I say," persisted Mrs. Delaford, rattling at the bars. "What does this absurd mummery mean?"

"Perhaps a strait waistcoat would be advisable," said the Major. "But as long as she remains tolerably manageable I shall not send her an asylum."

Mrs. Delaford began to cry.

"Oh, Felix, how can you talk so?" sobbed she. "I am as sane as you are!"

"Poor thing!" murmured the Major, compassionately. "The hardest part of

insanity must be when one becomes partially conscious of its deadly doom."

Mrs. Delaford shut the door rather vehemently and began to cry hysterically.

"I'm not mad!" said she. "I won't be made a mad woman of!"

But how to help herself—that was the question. The door was barred effectually—the windows opened upon the dead wall of a neighboring Institute of the Fine Arts, and were three stories above ground. She might have shrieked herself hoarse in that direction before any one could hear her. She sat down to think. What should she do? What was to become of her? Did that dreadful hint of Felix concerning the asylum mean anything? For once in her life the late Mrs. Flashington was actually frightened.

"Has my temper really been so terrible," she asked herself, "that people mistake it for—I can hardly breathe the word—insanity?"

It was a new idea; she pondered it carefully and cried bitterly over it.

When Hetty came, as usual, with the napkin-covered tray, Mrs. Delaford's face was pale and tear-swollen.

"Hetty," said she, "will you ask your master to step up here for a few minutes?"

Maj. Delaford obeyed the summons at once.

"Well, my love," said he, "what is it?"

"Maj. Delaford, you are a brute!"

The Major bowed. Justina burst into tears.

"Yes, a brute, and I'm sorry I ever married you!"

And after that Mrs. Delaford did not speak to her husband for two days. But as the Major appeared in no wise affected by this tactiturnity she adopted another plan, and scolded steadily for three days.

"Look here, Justy, this won't do," said the Major, at the week's end. "I don't fancy either a dumb woman or a fury!"

"That I should live to be so spoken to," whimpered Mrs. Delaford.

"So," went on the Major, "I have written to my cousin Rosamond Bly, to come and spend the summer here."

"I won't have her in my house!" shrieked the bride.

"But I will have her in mine," composedly retorted the husband.

"Let me see her presume to enter this house!" cried Justina.

"Let me see you presume to be uncivil to her," said the Major, knitting his brows in a way that Mrs. Delaford had never seen in her late husband's countenance. For, to tell the truth, the late Mr. Flashington had been but a chicken-hearted individual at best.

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"Mad! Very mad, indeed!" said Maj. Delaford, in a sotto voce, turning to Rosamond.

"Felix," said Mrs. Delaford, bursting into fresh tears, "I have acted very foolishly. I beg your pardon. And I beg Rosamond's pardon, too."

Maj. Delaford opened the grating door at once—Justina flew into his arms—and then there was a reconciliation after the most approved style.

Mrs. Delaford was as sweet as a June morning after that—and if ever she manifested symptoms of a relapse all that Maj. Delaford found necessary was to allude, in a general way, to lunatics and asylums.

And Ulysses Crinklethorpe never could imagine by what means this modern Petruchio tamed his dark-eyed shrew.—New York News.

A FILIPINO UNIFORM.

It is Childish in Size and Very Gaudy in Color.

Among the interesting trophies soldiers in the Philippines have sent to Des Moines is a uniform which Frank Merrill of company H, son of Jeremiah Merrill, of No. 1204 East Ninth street, took from a captured Filipino and sent to his parents in this city. The uniform is patterned somewhat after the Spanish uniform, and is quite fantastic for use in war times. The red and yellow combinations so popular with the Spaniards appear on the blouse of the uniform.

Some idea of the inferiority of the Filipinos and their insignificance as compared with Americans can be had from the size of the uniform. It would be a good fit for a 12-year-old American boy, and it is easy to believe all that has been said concerning the diminutive Filipinos after examining this uniform.

The trousers to the uniform are of red calico and are made regular pajama style, being tied at the top with a drawn string. Along the outer seam of the legs are stripes of black velvet.

The blouse is made of heavy cotton material, which is woven with alternate pin stripes of white and black. The collar of the blouse is of red calico and is adorned in front with two stripes of yellow calico. The cuffs of the blouse are also of red calico and bear three stripes of yellow. The front of the jacket bears six stripes of red and yellow calico combined.

Altogether the costume looks as if it might have been designed by some child who had a fondness for bright colors. The sewing on the garments has been done with a sewing machine, and the blouse has been fastened with hooks and eyes and buttons similar to those in common use in this country.—Des Moines (Iowa) Capital.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Public parks, maintained at public expense and the buildings and appliances of a fire department also, are held, in Owensboro vs. Com. ex rel. Stone (Ky.) 44, L. R. A. 202, to be public property used for public purposes, within the meaning of an exemption from taxation.

A fair contract by which a parent gives the custody of a child to another person, although not binding upon the minor, is held, in Anderson vs. Young (S. C.) 44, L. R. A. 277, not to be unlawful or against public policy, if it is not prejudicial to the minor's welfare, which is the principal consideration in determining his custody.

A life-insurance policy taken out by a person on his own life for the purpose of assigning it to another having no insurable interest therein is held, in Steinback vs. Diemenbrock (N. Y.) 44, L. R. A. 417, to be invalid. But, if the policy was not taken out with that intention, the insured may sell his policy and give a valid title to the assignee.

The cost to the purchaser in possession, and not to the seller, who attempted to retain a secret lien, is held, in Post Printing and Publishing Company vs. Insurance Company of North America (Pa.) 44, L. R. A. 272, to be the value of property insured under a policy stating that the loss is payable to vendor and vendee as their interests may appear, when the seller asserts no claim under its lien.

Camel Races.

Camel races are held regularly in the south of Algeria, where valuable prizes are offered for the encouragement of the breed of racers, and as much interest is taken in their preparation and performances as in that of race horses at Latonia. The racing camels are the result of very careful breeding through many generations, and in size, temper and appearance they are so different from the ordinary beast of burden that they might almost be considered a different race of animals. Perhaps the most conspicuous characteristic of the ordinary camel is its extreme slowness. Nothing on earth will ever induce it to hurry. A \$20 note will buy a very fair specimen, but for a mahari, or racing camel, five or ten times that sum is required to effect a purchase. The racer, however, can be depended on for nine or ten miles an hour, and kept up for sixteen or seventeen hours almost without a stop. The pace in a camel race is generally fast and furious at the beginning, when all the animals are together and seem to realize that a contest is in progress.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Roman Camp.

A well-preserved Roman camp has been discovered on the right bank of the Narenta, in Herzegovina. A section 330 feet long by 270 feet wide has been traced. Part of the walls, gates and towers are still standing, and many utensils and weapons have been dug up. It is believed that the camp was erected in the time of Nero.

A Millionaire "Pauper."

An old man named Anton Kain, who died recently in an Austrian almshouse, was found to be worth \$5,000,000.

ALONE ON THE OCEAN.

HORRORS OF THE WIDE, BLANK LONELINESS.

Crossing the Atlantic Without a Soul to Speak To—Overcome by a Feeling of Awe—Relief Only to Be Found in Hard Work.

In his narrative of his solitary voyage around the world in the sloop Spray, Capt. Joshua Slocum describes his attempts to overcome the sense of loneliness that beset him on the way from Boston to Gibraltar.

On the evening of July 5 the Spray, after having steered all day over a lumpy sea, took it into her head to go without the helmsman's aid. I had been steering southeast by south, but the wind hauling forward a bit she dropped into a smooth lane, heading southeast, and making about eight knots, her very best work. I crowded on sail to cross the track of the liners without loss of time, and to reach as soon as possible the friendly gulf stream. The fog lifting before night, I was afforded a look at the sun just as it was touching the sea. I watched it go down and out of sight. Then I turned my face eastward, and there, apparently at the very end of the bowsprit, was the smiling full moon rising out of the sea. Neptune himself coming over the bows could not have startled me more. "Good evening, sir," I cried, "I'm glad to see you." Many a long talk since then I have had with the man in the moon; he had my confidence on the voyage.

About midnight the fog shut down again denser than ever before. One could almost "stand on it." It continued so for a number of days, the wind increasing to a gale. The waves rose high, but I had a good ship. Still, in the dismal fog I felt myself drifting into loneliness, an insect on a straw in the midst of the elements. I lashed the helm, and my vessel held her course, and while she sailed I slept.

During these days a feeling of awe crept over me. My memory worked with startling power. The ominous, the insignificant, the great, the small, the wonderful, the commonplace—all appeared before my mental vision in magical succession. Pages of my history were recalled which had been so long forgotten that they seemed to belong to a previous existence. I heard all the voices of the past laughing, crying, telling what I had heard them tell in many corners of the earth.

The loneliness of my state wore off when the gale was high and I found much work to do. When the fine weather returned, then came the sense of solitude, which I could not shake off. I used my voice often at first, giving some order about the affairs of a ship, for I had been told that otherwise I should lose my speech. At the meridian altitude of the sun I called aloud, "Eight bells," after the custom on a ship at sea. Again from my cabin I cried to an imaginary man at the helm, "How does she head, there?" and again, "Is she on her course?" But getting no reply, I was reminded the more palpably of my condition. My voice sounded hollow on the empty air, and I dropped the practice.

However, it was not long before the thought came to me that when I was a lad I used to sing; why not try that now, where it would disturb no one? My musical talent had never bred envy in others, but out on the Atlantic, to realize what it meant, you should have heard me sing. You should have seen the porpoises leap when I pitched my voice for the waves and the sea and all that was in it. Old turtles, with large eyes, poked their heads up out of the sea as I sang "Johnny Boker," and "We'll Pay Darby Doyle for His Boots," and the like. But the porpoises were, on the whole, vastly more appreciative than the turtles; they jumped a deal higher. One day when I was humming a favorite chant, I think it was "Babylon's a-Fallin'," a porpoise jumped higher than the bowsprit. Had the Spray been going a little faster she would have scooped him in. The sea birds sailed around rather shy.—Century.

LARGEST OF ALL OCEAN PIERS.

Run by a Railroad and Extends a Mile into the Sea.

The cut shows the largest ocean pier in the country. It was built by the Southern Pacific Railroad at Port Los Angeles, Cal., in 1903. It is a regular

port for passenger and freight coast steamers, and is also a United States port of entry. It is twenty miles distant from Los Angeles and two miles from Santa Monica, Cal. The chief commercial use of the wharf is in the transshipment of cargoes of coal and construction material from the steamships of the Southern Pacific Company to the same company's cars for use on its southern California, Arizona and New Mexico lines.

The length of the wharf proper is 4,282 feet. It is fifteen feet high above extreme high water. In the alignment of the pier there are two curves; on the shore approach there is a ten-degree curve extending 200 feet onto the pier, and 2,000 feet from the shore end there is a seven-degree curve to the right, both curves being tapered or spiraled.

A Cure for Dyspepsia.

A young Austrian physician has discovered that hypnotism may be used with success in cases of dyspepsia. He had a dyspeptic woman patient who could not retain any sort of nourishment. When she had been hypnotized he ordered her to eat and keep down a hearty meal. This worked all right while the hypnotic state lasted, but when it ended the patient had the same pain and sickness as usual. Then the doctor tried ordering her to forget she had eaten, and after a few experiments the woman was entirely cured.

A Guest Believes that her hostess "acted cool" unless she accompanied her to the gate, and screamed after her until she reached the corner.

A woman thinks she is mighty "independent" if she wears a rainy day skirt in dry weather.

Boiling Lake.

About 100 miles north of Oroville, at the foot of Mount Lassen, California, there is a boiling lake covering several acres. The depth of the lake is unknown, but its entire surface constantly boils like a huge kettle. Between it and the mountain there are a thousand boiling, bubbling hot springs. South of this lake there are several geysers that shoot up streams of hot water from five to ten feet in diameter, and eighteen to twenty feet high. There are similar geysers in New Zealand and the Yellowstone country in North America.

Says a Boston girl: "It is an incontrovertible actuality that the anticipatory avis appropriates the prematurely active vermicular specimen." She meant that the early bird catches the worm.

Suppression of honest investigation means retrogression.

Courage without conscience is little better than cowardice.

The truly refined man is he who has been purged from the dross of self.

The law that he who will not work shall not eat applies to churches.

The saloon is labor's greatest foe, because it steals the laboring man's capital.

The hope of immortality is man's morning star, and Christ, his full-orbed day.

Some churches ought to put a collection box on their steeples instead of a cross.

You cannot afford to purchase your pleasures at the price of another's perdition.

The church that is seeking the rich may get their riches, but it will lose its reward.

Originality blazes a new track, while eccentricity runs on one wheel in an old rut.

True love would rather wound itself by the loss of pleasure than hurt others by indulgence therein.

Abraham is an example of moral courage in leaving Chalden, but of moral cowardice in leaving the truth.

If some folk spent as much time in knowing men as they do in finding out things about them, they would make a better business of life.

HOMESPUN PHILOSOPHY.

Observations on Commonplace Things by the Acheson Globe Man.

Everyone must run the risk of rain.

Nearly all earnest-looking people are homely.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who "bawled?"

Everything is a sign of something to the man who is curious.

Half that a man says, he begins with, "There ought to be a law—"

Start to fix over an old house, and it will cost you just twice the original estimate.

Women begin finding fault with a boy by the time he is a month old, and never quit it.

Half the world does not know how the other half lives, but is always trying to find out.

Some women who succeed in pleasing their husbands have mighty easy husbands to please.

Very few unmarried men know that they are related to great men; their wives make the discovery.

When a woman says she doesn't believe in love, it is an evidence that she once believed in it too much.

"I feel so mean to-day," said a man this morning, "that I could fight a preacher if he gave me good advice."

Watch the children carefully when they stop blaming things on the cat, and begin to blame them on "fate."

A doctor who does not believe in advertising, told a young reporter to-day that he was thinking of buying an automobile.

Married people should be more careful to avoid the first quarrel than the first scratch on their new furniture, but they are not.

The gossips are saying a certain marriage is unhappy because the wife visits her mother so often. Heavens, that's what every woman does.

If women would do their own work better, hired girls would be more competent; the more competent the housekeeper, the better her hired girl.

If people write love letters that would appear perfectly rational and proper in print, it means they have been punished for being in love before.

A man's parlor life is short at the best. When company comes, when he is a boy, he gets his cake and ice cream in the kitchen, and when he is older, and his daughters pass "refreshments," he gets his in a back room.

The trains run to the extreme end of the wharf.

HERO OF WATERLOO.

Driver of Ammunition Wagon Shows Unexampled Bravery.

The Duke of Wellington was once asked who, in his opinion, was the bravest man at Waterloo.

"I can't tell you that," he said, "but I can tell you of one than whom I am sure there was no braver."

The following is the story put in the words of the writer:

"There was a private in the artillery. A farm-house with an orchard, surrounded by a thick hedge, formed a most important point in the British position, and was ordered to be held against the enemy at any sacrifice. The hottest of the battle raged around the point, but the English behaved well, and beat back the French again and again.

"At last the powder and ball were found to be running short; at the same time the hedges surrounding the orchard took fire. In the meantime a messenger had been sent to the rear for more powder and ball, and in a short time two loaded wagons came galloping down to the farm-house, the gallant defenders of which were keeping up a scanty fire through the flames which surrounded the post. The driver of the first wagon spurred his horses towards the burning heap, but the flames rose fiercely round and caught the powder, which exploded, sending rider, horses and wagon in fragments into the open air. For one instant the driver of the second wagon paused appalled by his comrade's fate; the next, observing that the flames, beaten back for a moment by the explosion, afforded him one desperate chance, he sent his horses at the smoldering breach, and amid the cheers of the garrison, landed his cargo safely within. Behind him the flames closed up and raged more fiercely than ever. This private never lived to receive the reward which his act merited, but later in the engagement he was killed, dying with the consciousness that he had saved the day."

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

Because of Bitter Race Quarrels Germany May Absorb the Two.

Bitter race quarrels raging in Austria-Hungary have led European politicians to predict the ultimate absorption of the two parts by Germany and Russia. There are many people who believe that the Kaiser and the

MEDIOCRITY'S SOLACE.

There ain't any laurels a-waitin' fur him; He'll never be famous fur wealth, But his smile's always bright an' his eye's never dim.

He's the picture of comfort and health. He was honest and cautious and counted the cost, He kep' his ambition well trained. He'd never wade into a scheme an' get lost, He could always come in when it rained.

Tain't mostly the fellow who struggles to seize The colors that glow in the sky Who one day finds comfort an' lives at his ease, He's apt to git lost by an' by. When glory's passed 'round an' when eloquence flows I won't feel no envious pains; I'm content to be hailed as the party who knows Enough to come in when it rains. —Washington Star.

CUPID IN A CYCLONE.

VLASTA looked wistfully out of her small-paned window, deep-set in the heavy sod wall, and sighed.

The piles of unwashed dinner dishes over which she was at work hardly accounted for that sigh and the view without was pleasant, rather than otherwise.

It was a Sunday afternoon in the late June, hot and unusually still for that windy country, but the rolling stretches of prairie grass and the green fields of young wheat and corn still held the freshness of early spring.

But the cloud, "no larger than a man's hand," is always present in some form or other.

One was at that moment rising lazily on the western horizon, over the low, green hills, just a faint summer cloud, unseen by the girl, whose eyes were fixed on a nearer and, to her, much more attractive object. This, as is apt to be the case when maidens sigh, was a young man, who, on the other side of a barbed-wire fence, some little distance away, was busily engaged in washing his buggy, which was rolled in front of his own little sod house.

He was of middle size, dark-haired and featured, like herself, and clad in the careless costume of overalls and jacket of blue denim, and daisy from exposure to sun and weather, and the battered sombrero of light felt, which were usual in his everyday occupation of farming.

As any one familiar with that part of the country could tell at a glance, they were young Bohemians, members of that great army of hardy settlers who have made homes for themselves in the previously untitled west.

But hearts will be hearts in every place and Juliet may pine for her Romeo in ancient castle no more than in humble sod house, as did this commonplace little heroine, with her plain but kindly face.

Now, by custom immemorial Sunday is the rural holiday everywhere and it is especially so among our foreign-born citizens, who on that day sally forth, clad in their best, ready for visiting and merry-making and seeing no incongruity between church and mass in the morning and a dance in the afternoon and evening.

So, considering this, it seemed that the young settler, Albrecht Hollub, should be on pleasure bent, and the signs indicated, too, that so he was, or soon should be. Herein lay the sting which changed for her the sunshine of that glorious June day to gloom.

For Albrecht was "going riding" in his new buggy—going without her, and no doubt, with some other girl—when it was really her place on that seat beside him.

And had she not proudly occupied it until that unlucky night not yet two weeks ago, but seeming half a lifetime, as a girl's short lifetime goes?

Such a little thing, too, as is generally the case, to have caused all this trouble. She was not sure how Albrecht felt. Perhaps he was glad to get rid of her—here two great tears dropped into the dishpan at the thought. Just a dance at a young friend's wedding—it being their custom for a bridal party to go to a justice or county judge to have the ceremony performed, and then to return to the bride's home for a grand celebration, which usually lasted all night. Then a foolish quarrel, when Albrecht, heated by excitement and beer, had insisted that she danced too often with the bride's elder brother. She had refused to listen to him, of course, with the result that he had walked out into the darkness and had never seen her since.

Perhaps she had sought covertly, and, no doubt, awkwardly, to find an opportunity of making amends, but he had ignored or avoided her, though they lived on adjacent claims; hence, for her, at least, bitter days and nights. She felt vaguely, in her simple fashion, the harness of the woman's code which bids her "wait and weep" in silence, a rule that has broken many besides country hearts like hers. And all this time the cloud in the west was rising. It looked much like a puff of black smoke now, and there were others, not so dark, climbing up beside it.

The dishes were finished and put away in the kitchen "safe," or cupboard, and the girl sat down by her window—she was very fond of that window in those days—and gazed absently out. The landscape was left desolate to her, for Albrecht had disappeared, probably to attire himself for his outing.

Her father nodded in the shady doorway over his long, curved pipe. In the inner room her mother discoursed volubly to her second daughter in her native tongue, which is never forgot-

ten by the "old people," at least. The shouts of the numerous younger children came from without, where they romped among the farm wagons and machinery, and the horses and cattle grazed contentedly on the fenced-in prairie that formed the pasture. It was all homely, but peaceful, and presently the girl's eyes, heavy with unaccustomed vigils, closed. She did not see the cloud rapidly swelling and taking on the ominous shape dreaded by the prairie dwellers, the so-called funnel form, which in this case was a much flattened one.

It seemed but a few minutes later, when Vlasta roused abruptly in dazed bewilderment. A distant shout, one of alarm and warning, seemed echoing in her ear. How dark it had grown. And there were Albrecht and his little old mother, who kept his house, standing before their door, exclaiming and gesticulating wildly. At the same moment there came a rush of furious wind, bringing the sound of a low, menacing roar, while the mass of dusky, green cloud seemed to quit the horizon and start swiftly on an earthward path.

Vlasta guessed instantly the peril threatened, and sprang up with a terrified cry.

"My father, mother, quick! The cyclone! The cyclone!"

Then followed wild confusion, screaming children running to their parents, frantic exclamations, bustle and hurry.

Whether should they fly for refuge in that hour of terror? It was the good mother that solved the problem with prompt presence of mind.

"The henhouse, children! Let us run to the henhouse!" she cried, and she crowded her stout self and her best feather bed, brought from the fatherland, valiantly through the narrow doorway, followed by her husband carrying his pipe and armchair, and by the others with whatever they chanced to catch up, all racing through the thick whirling dust to the designated place of refuge.

In fact, it was the most suitable one within their reach, being really a low "dug-out" in the side of a small hill, the front or open side facing south and filled in with a sod wall, containing only a small, rough door and a tiny window, whose four small panes were thickly coated with dust.

In they rushed pell-mell, causing wild discomfiture to the usual occupants of this abode, which flew, fluttering and cackling wildly, from their rude nests and perches. The father was in the act of closing the door after the last one was in, when it was pushed violently open from without, and Albrecht and his mother, lacking such a shelter of their own, flung themselves among them.

Then the door, like that of the ark, was shut and braced by the father's stout shoulder. And none too soon, for the air was thick with flying debris. There were twelve of them—more souls than the ark carried, and crowded into a much smaller space, but that mattered little at such a time.

The fowl screamed, the children wailed, the big mother and little mother rocked and prayed in each other's arms, and the father bemoaned his farm and stock; but as for Vlasta, the cyclone had given her what the fates had otherwise denied, and the uproar and danger were all dominated by the joy that Albrecht was again beside her, so close that she could almost feel his deep, hurried breathing.

It was but a moment, and then, with a deafening roar, a rush of darkness, a choking breath of sulphur, the storm center was upon them.

Vlasta remembered not how it happened, but when she was able to realize anything her arms were around Albrecht's neck and he was holding her to him and murmuring words of endearment, which she felt rather than heard. "My love, my little one—though she was as tall as he—do not fear. I will keep thee safe—I, thine own beloved."

Vlasta's pet white pullet fluttered on their shoulders like the white-winged dove of peace. The storm went swiftly on its resistless way, leaving desolation behind.

Their houses were in ruins; their little possessions torn to pieces or scattered far and wide, even a large part of the growing crops rooted up or ground into the soil.

But their lives were spared, and they are hardy and courageous. Sod houses can soon rise again, and other crops grow green on sunlit plains, and before long in the new home there will be "sounds of revelry by night" and another merry wedding dance.

The Excavation of Babylon.

German archaeologists are busy with plans for the excavation of Babylon, the late Sir Austen Henry Layard, the explorer of Nineveh, was the first one to do anything in the way of excavating Babylon, then Sir Henry Rawlinson followed. The excavations, it is claimed by the Germans, were done in a half-hearted way, and they are determined that their work shall be thorough. It will be very costly, and it is estimated it will occupy five years. It will be carried on by the Orient Society jointly with the Directors of the Royal German Museum and the leader of the expedition is Dr. Robert Koldewey, who has already had much experience in such work. The expeditions will start from Beirut, going from there to Aleppo, whence they will travel by caravan to Bagdad. Babylon itself is two days' journey from Bagdad, and consists of, jorum mounds scattered on the banks of the Euphrates, under which lie the ruins of a great city. The excavators will begin with the fortress, which is what remains of Nebuchadnezzar's palace, where Alexander died. In addition to their excavating upon the city site proper they will investigate a number of other ruins situated near.

No man is a hero to his stenographer.



PAIN AND DANGER IN "SPATS."

WE never so plainly exemplify the fact that we are but children of a larger growth as when we indulge in those pettish half-way quarrels dominated by courtesy "spats." Prompted by temper or ill-health, they bloom into just such a condition of affairs as when one child says to another: "I hate you; I never mean to speak to you again," and snatching up her "doll rags" she departs in a huff, to return but an hour later in smiles and forgetfulness of the late unpleasantness.

With the adult a more grown-up form of procedure is of course but natural, but it is identically on the same plan—husbands and wives, lovers, friends, all at some time or another break out into a childish exhibition of whimsical unreasonableness, and then there's the dignity of a real grievance, but which smart and sting nevertheless both at the time and in retrospect. It is on such occasions that a wife will say: "I wish I had never married you." The sweetheart will remark: "I wouldn't marry you if there weren't another man on the earth. Thank heaven, you haven't me under marital control yet," and the friends will contrive to rake up some disagreeable reminiscence that they couldn't for the world mention if this "spat" had not occurred. With children the fire is soon quenched. They make up as easily as they fall out. Each spat means a genuine widening of a chasm that some day appears a dark and impassable yawning between them and simply because of spats begun no one knows why and continued with equally little reason.—Philadelphia Times.

Two Notable Women.

Miss Mary Crocker, the San Francisco heiress, who has just fallen heir to her double estate of womanhood and \$4,000,000, and will probably be one of the most notable figures in New York society, is described as a tall, rather slender girl, with an expression that is serious at first glance and animated only at closer acquaintance. She was educated in Paris, and is the maternal plum of the year.

Miss Flora Shaw is of quite a different stamp. She is the young woman



Journalist who by her own grit won the position of colonial editor on the London Times and held the key to the Transvaal situation so well that she was the go-between for Cecil Rhodes and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in all the occurrences that had bearing on the war. By those in position to know she is held to be directly responsible for the strained relations between England and the Boers.

Birth Month and Character.

Here is an old astrological prediction, said to indicate, with tolerable certainty, the character of the girl according to the month she happens to be born in, says an exchange:

If a girl is born in January, she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good-tempered.

If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

If in March, a frivolous chatterbox somewhat given to quarrelling.

If in April, inconsistent, not intelligent, but likely to be good looking.

If in May, handsome and likely to be happy.

If in June, impetuous, will marry early, and be frivolous.

If in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper.

If in August, amiable and practical, likely to marry rich.

If in September, discreet, affable and coquettish and likely to be unhappy.

If in October, pretty and coquettish and likely to be unhappy.

If in November, liberal, kind, of a mild disposition.

If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant.—Philadelphia Times.

For Your Future Happiness.

In making up your mind regarding the man whom you will marry, the one whom you will honor by trusting in his hands your life's happiness, look first of all at the character of him who asks the gracious gift from you. If there is anything which you fear may develop into some unpleasant trait which shall sadden your life and shadow your home, be firm and steadfast in your refusal. There is no more dangerous thing in the world than marrying a man who has the slightest indication of a depraved taste or the hint of a quality that may degenerate into unlovableness. You may think that you can keep and hold him, but not once in a thousand times is such an experiment a successful one. You may deem it a hardship almost too great to be borne to give him up, but what you will suffer in doing so is right and wise, and the best for your whole future and will be nothing to the intensity of suffering that will come later if you act against your

own judgment and the advice of others, following blind inclination rather than reason.

If girls would listen to the pleadings of their better sense, instead of "following their feelings," there would be fewer discordant households and a far less number of appeals to the divorce courts for relief.

And if mothers would teach their daughters something of the sacredness of the marriage vows, they would be taken less lightly.—Boston Herald.

Cure of the Complexion.

In some cases a poor complexion arises mainly from lack of exercise. Women who live an entirely sedentary life have a slow circulation, and usually a bad digestion, and these are fertile causes of a muddy appearing skin. Exercise gives rapidly to the movement of the blood, stimulates digestion and calms the nerves, and is frequently more beneficial than any sort of medicine, although it should not be indulged in immediately after meals. Physicians are beginning to recognize the fact that drugs are not the most potent restoratives and that exercise, peace of mind, congenial society and recreation are not merely luxuries, but necessities if good health is to be preserved. Chapped and rough lips are not only painful, but disfiguring, and it is advisable never to go into the open air without previously using a little glycerine or vasoline upon the mouth. To moisten the lips with the tongue has a drying effect upon the skin ultimately, and the habit is one to be rigorously avoided. Toilet soap of inferior quality is extremely injurious to the complexion. Only the best soap should be employed, and that does not necessarily mean the most expensive soap.

Quiet Girls.

The quiet girl never wears high colors in the streets; you do not see her flaunting in brilliant checks when they happen to be in style. When high hats are "in" she does not pile hers so high that it sweeps the cobwebs from the sky. She does not wear the longest train to her gown, nor the greatest number of bangles when bangles reign.

But because she does not chatter and giggle, and make herself conspicuous at matinees, does not announce her convictions on all occasions and on all subjects, and profess her admiration at every hand's turn, it must not be supposed that she has no ideas or convictions or enthusiasm. She is quiet because she has no power to make herself heard, to change her condition, or because she is maturing that power.

In the meantime it is the quiet girl who marries earliest, who makes the best match, who fills the niches which her more brilliant sisters leave vacant; who manages the servants, runs the sewing machine, remembers the birthdays, listens to the reminiscences of the old, and often keeps the wolf from the door.—Woman's Life.

Liberty of Guests.

The ideal hostess is she who permits her guests some measure of local option or of individual liberty. She does not insist on their accompanying her on excursions to which they do not want to go; neither does she remain at home with them if she discovers they are only accepting out of politeness. If she is unsuccessful in ascertaining what the visitors prefer in the way of being entertained, she has the grace to leave them to their own devices. The schedule of the day is laid out at breakfast, if not the evening before. Those who do not care to drive or sail are allowed "the liberty of the subject," as they say in England. A too-strenuous hospitality is a terror to its victim. There is a happy medium between being a "whipper-in" and a neglectful hostess.—Baltimore News.

To Acquire Dimples.

There is one way in which young women who wish to acquire dimples may do so, but it is at the expense of the neighborhood in which they reside. According to the St. Louis woman who has made the discovery it is only necessary for the man or woman who aspires to dimples to practice on the cornet for a few weeks in order to acquire the "love traps of Cupid." It is said that every performer on the cornet or trombone will be found to possess a well-developed pair, one in either cheek.



When baby is cutting his teeth there is no better comforter in the world than his own little thumb. It is better than any of the patent devices sold for the purpose, it being of the right size, the right hardness, and firmly attached to the tiny hand, so that there is no fear of being swallowed.

The sucking of the thumb causes a flow of saliva, which relieves thirst and aids digestion. The pressure of the thumb eases the irritation and pain of the gums while the teeth are growing, and finally it helps to bring them through the gums.

Parents are apt to make strong objections to this infantile habit, but it should be regarded as a blessing, for it will often make a child leave off crying and fall into a peaceful and refreshing sleep.

MANILA IN THE SOUTH

FILIPINO'S HAVE A QUEER COLONY IN LOUISIANA.

Swarthy Fishermen Transplanted from the South Pacific—Members Largely Former Sailors from Spanish Vessels.

There is a Filipino colony in the United States, or rather several colonies, although they are all confined to one State, Louisiana, and have had a common origin, the passage of years breaking them up into separate communities. Few people, even in their own State, know of their existence, and they lead a simple and peaceful life, unweaved by contact with the outside world.

All about the mouth of the Mississippi River there are hundreds of tiny islands covered with tall marsh grass, some of which are only a few feet out of the ocean. On the west side of the delta, in a little bay called Barataria,



VIEW OF DEWEY AVENUE.

and to the north of the famous Grand Isle, are numerous little islands on which are settled the colonies of Filipinos, which just now are being visited by many Southern people anxious to learn for themselves just what sort of people our soldiers are fighting with in the far-away Orient. Besides these colonies there are other smaller ones in Lake Borgne, on the other side of the delta, and in the many contiguous islands of the Barataria group.

The principal island in the latter group is Clarkchere, and on this island is the main Filipino settlement. These little blue men are called along the gulf "Manilamen." These sons of the far-away Filipinos are natural born fishermen and sailors. There are all told in this one colony, or rather series of colonies, perhaps as many as fifteen hundred persons.

The colony seems to have originated more than fifty years ago. In fact, some of the oldest of the colonists say that they have been in this country for fully seventy-five years. But about a half century ago "Manilamen" first settled on Grand Isle, the last in the group in Barataria Bay. It was on this island that the famous pirate, Lafitte, made his headquarters for many years. In 1856 a great storm swept over that region, completely submerging Last Isle, its four hundred souls being washed into the sea. The next morning not a trace remained of that island.

This storm created fear in the hearts of the "Manilamen," and by degrees they moved a little nearer to the mainland, and again settled on an island called Cheniere Caminade. This island, being somewhat higher than the others, was covered with large oak trees. Here these quiet people built up a flourishing colony. They had a little church, a schoolhouse, and had made more or less attempt at an organized government. Then came another fearful hurricane, in 1880, during which 800 persons—one-half of the population of Cheniere Caminade—were swept into eternity in one single night. Other storms of more or less severity followed, the last occurring in 1893, carrying with it terrible loss of life and property.

These sad experiences have inspired a sort of superstitious dread of the out-

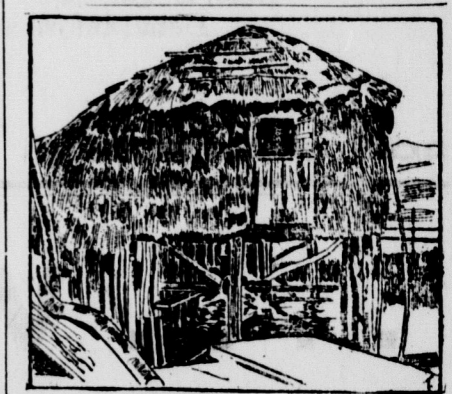
lying islands in the hearts of those who escaped from the fury of the terrible hurricanes, and they gradually gave up their old homes and went further in shore, where they built new ones. It is for this reason that now the greater number of these peculiar people inhabit the low, marshy islands in the sheltered bay of Barataria, and the little strips of land along the banks of the sluggish bayous, on whose bosoms are myriads of water lilies in peaceful repose.

Scattered here and there all through the tall marsh grasses, nestled among the scrub willows, half hidden at times under the dense growth of tropical vegetation, are rudely and curiously constructed houses of palmetto and straw, presenting a half-civilized appearance, the homes of these wanderers from the islands of the South Seas.

They are a silent people, never mingling with strangers, and taking little interest in the doings of the outside world. Their lives are devoted to the peaceful career of the fisherman. Their wants are few. With little sailboats and outriggers for fishing, this colony has lived for more than half a century, content with a good fish catch which would furnish a frugal dinner, in blissful ignorance of what has been going on in the great world.

The most remarkable fact about this Filipino colony is that there are no Manila women in it. Never yet, so they said, has a native Filipino woman been seen in the colony. One old man of superior intelligence explained that it was a characteristic of Manila women that they never left their homes. A very few, he said, had gone to Spain, but these were the only known instances of Manila women having left their native land. These "Manilamen" took wives from among the Spanish and French creoles, and, in a very few instances, from among the negroes. They seem well contented in their matrimonial alliances.

The principal street in the village of Clarkchere has within the past year been christened Dewey avenue. It extends along the water front, where the most modern, as well as the most substantial, buildings on the island are to be seen. The island is owned by a white man, who lives in New Orleans, and exacts from the colonists a nominal rent of from \$1.50 to \$2 and even \$5 per year. There is not a church or schoolhouse in the settlement or in that entire coast country. The swarms of little swarthy-faced Filipinos, the rising generation, are thus entirely without training, except such as their



TYPICAL FILIPINO HOME.

Ignorant parents are able to give them. Although they speak the Spanish language, there is scarcely one who does not make more or less attempt at speaking English. They retain many traditions of their native land, but none could speak with intelligence of its government.

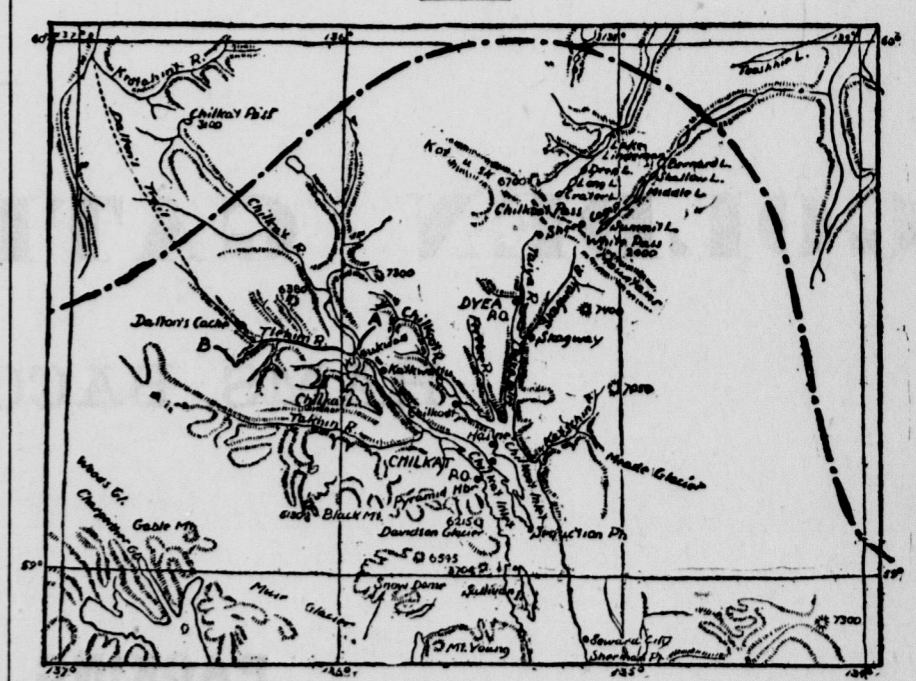
Ivory in Siberia.

With the threatened exhaustion of ivory in Africa, a supply is opening up in Siberia. Tons of fine ivory are found of the mammoth elephants primigenius. Hundreds of frozen carcasses are found crowded and jammed in certain spots.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who soaked a few nails in water, and drank the water in order to get iron in her blood, and grow strong?

No one can be romantic, and have enough sense to be trusted with the buying of a sack of salt.

ALASKAN BOUNDARY SETTLED BY MODUS VIVENDI.



The boundary actually laid down on the map is only between sixteen and seventeen miles in length, but its imaginary prolongation runs east to the White and Chilkoot passes. To make clear the reason for the adoption of this temporary delimitation it is necessary to explain that the broken curved line is the boundary claimed by the United States under the Russian treaty of cession, but which is disputed by Canada. The Canadian custom houses in the Chilkoot and White passes and on Dalton's trail mark the boundary and control the only gateways to the gold fields from the south. Dalton's trail is reached through the Lynn canal, which at its head breaks into two arms, Chilkoot inlet to the east and Chilkat inlet to the west.

The region on both sides of the Tlehin, also written Klehin, river is known as the Porcupine district, and is believed to be remarkably rich in gold. There are said to be several thousand miners in the district, but the exact number is uncertain. Inasmuch as both governments claimed jurisdiction, which meant that while the question of jurisdiction was open there was no adequate police protection, it was feared that miners jumping claims might cause a conflict. To prevent this the provisional boundary line is drawn. The Canadian custom houses at the summits of the White and Chilkoot passes, under the terms of the modus vivendi, mark officially the boundary.

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South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

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